New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVII · No. 1466 SATURDAY · 18 APRIL 1959 NINEPENCE

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After Dulles, the Deluge?

AFTER the death of Stalin, the Communist world was faced with a crisis of leadership and policy. The system he had created was manifestly obsolescent even before his departure, and his successors were forced to evolve a new one, as well as settle the problem of who was to run it. After three years, and near disaster, they succeeded. Mr Krushchev is now in complete control. He possesses a coherent philosophy of the world. His aims are clear. And he is in a position to vary his tactics with speed and precision as the needs of the moment change.

Now the West faces a similar crisis. For more than six years, Mr Dulles has controlled its international destinies. Coming to power in the backwash of the Korean War, he saw the world as a battlefield between two antagonistic systems, militantly expressing the principles of good and evil. Hence compromise was betrayal: evil could be held at bay only by iron-bound alliances, held together by mutual fear and backed by the constant threat of nuclear war. Tension was the cement of the Dulles system, negotiation its solvent. It was based on Hobbesian pessimism, but it did provide a stable frame of reference in which decisions could be taken.

Unfortunately, the Dulles system was, in essence, the western response to Stalinism. It was thus constructed in a period when the Soviet challenge was already changing. As Russia switched from an acquisitive policy based on armoured divisions and violent subversion to competitive propaganda based on consumer goods and technical aid, the system became increasingly irrelevant. There is some evidence that, recently, Mr Dulles himself had begun to recognise this. But he was too old and sick to make fundamental changes. He now departs, the system still intact, but with nobody to run it—and at the moment when it faces its decisive test.

He thus leaves a vacuum in policy as well as personnel. How are they to be filled? President Eisenhower has shown he is incapable not only of taking decisions, but even of grasping the details on which they must be based: he is plainly therefore looking for a man to whom he can surrender responsibility for foreign affairs. There is, alas, no such man in sight. Mr Herter, handicapped by the ambiguous way in which he has taken temporary control, lacks authority to change the course of western policy, even if he has any clear idea of where it should now be heading. The US military leaders are themselves divided on the level of force required to make the Dulles system work, and are becoming nervously aware of its military as well as political obsolescence.

The tragedy is that there can be no substitute for American leadership. As Eisenhower recently pointed out, with unanswerable logic, the direction of an alliance must necessarily fall on the member which supplies the bulk of its physical power. America's allies cannot dictate to her: the most they can do is to influence her decisions. For this reason a peculiar responsibility falls on Mr Macmillan. He alone has a chance of averting the threatened post-Dulles deluge, for it is already clear that the weight of France and West Germany will be flung heavily against realistic negotiations with Russia. Dr Adenauer's power has been shaken in the past week, but he will retain effective control during the crucial period of Summit talks; while General de Gaulle, whose constitutional position makes him impervious to public opinion, still insists that such talks will be futile and even dangerous.

Mr Macmillan seems willing to accept this responsibility. He has grasped the two essentials: that only personal negotiations with Mr Krushchev are likely to be fruitful, and that a precondition is the readiness to discuss the readjustment of military forces in Europe. But he has so far been unable to convert his allies to these truths. With France and Germany, the task is perhaps hopeless; and in any case time is short. But a bewildered Washington may still be swung round by skilful diplomacy. On his last visit, Mr Macmillan may have won friends and influenced people, but he returned without clinching any deal. He must now face the fact that his proposals, sensible though they are, are worthless without the American *imprimatur*. Unless he can obtain this before 11 May, the West is heading for political defeat in Geneva, and very likely physical defeat in Berlin.

Comments on the Week's News

The Printing Dispute

The dispute in the printing industry involves the 200,000 members of the nine unions which have made a collective claim for an improvement in hours and wages, and it affects all parts of the industry – from books, magazines, and the provincial press, to stationery – except the leading daily, Sunday and evening newspapers. On 20 April, the existing agreements are due to expire, and when, early in May, the unions have completed a ballot of their members, they propose to take action which may range from such harassing tactics as a ban on overtime, non-recruitment of apprentices, and a 'policy of non-co-operation in the workshop' to a full-scale strike. This can involve long delays in publication, and possibly the complete closure, of a large part of the press – to say nothing of the financial burden on many smaller newspapers and journals which are barely managing to stay alive. The employers, in a sharply-worded statement which uses such phrases as 'aggression' and not 'yielding to force', put the blame on the unions, arguing that the claim is itself unreasonable – the men are asking for a 40-hour week, an increase in the basic rate by 10 per cent. for men and up to 30 per cent. for women, and certain adjustments in special rates – and that the nine unions have put themselves out of court by refusing to send the dispute to arbitration. The employers also insist that the industry cannot afford such increases in cost, without losing business to foreign competitors and to new methods of mechanical reproduction, and imply that the unions are unwilling to discuss 'ways and means of increasing productivity'. The only specific proposal from the employers' side has been to continue the present agreements for another year.

It is this last point which has led to the present deadlock. The unions were 'prepared to negotiate and not stick rigidly to their claims', but they have refused arbitration on the grounds that there is no opportunity for arbitration if the employers have announced in advance that no counter-offer will be made. They also challenge the employers' arguments on matters of fact. First, they say, it was agreed in 1947 that there should be a further reduction in hours when the labour situation was such as to 'enable the industry to meet its obligations to the community', and point out that the employers' warnings in 1937 and 1947 that the loss in working hours would be intolerable proved to be unjustified. They argue, therefore, that the industry could now make a further adjustment in hours, and that this, as the ILO has recently pointed out, may encourage technological progress. The unions, moreover, reject the argument that foreign competition is a serious menace to the industry. They show that, for instance, the book trade has continued to expand its output and its exports and that the total balance of trade in printed matter is increasingly favourable to this country (it rose from a surplus of £14.9 millions in 1956 to £19.5 millions in 1958). While they recognise that some printing firms are in a poor way, they argue that this is a matter of bad management, and that the wage-structure of the industry cannot be geared to the profitability of marginal enterprises. Many firms, in fact, are making substantial profits. Against the closure of newspapers and magazines in recent years, they set the fact that since the last wage settlement 290 new periodicals and 33 newspapers have appeared.

This is a complex dispute, not least because the range of efficiency and profit is so wide in this industry, because the question of productivity and new methods varies from one union and one section to another, and because, by comparison with other trades, printers are well paid. But the fact that men are well paid is not, as the employers seem to assume, a reason in itself for refusing them more – especially as there is some evidence that the sliding-scale increases have not in fact kept pace with the increase in the cost-of-living index. Both sides have a case to put to the public. But labour relations in the industry have been so poor for a long time that it appears to be moving towards a showdown in which masters, the unions and the public will all be penalised. This industry badly needs to take a fresh look at its prospects and problems.

A Partial Test Ban?

The new western proposals, tabled at Geneva when the test-ban conference reassembled this week, to exclude underground and high-altitude tests from the initial agreement is a retrograde step. It springs from the conviction of the Teller group of US nuclear scientists that, at present, these two categories of tests cannot be policed with any certainty. Many scientists disagree, pointing out (1) that there is no evidence that any underground test would remain undetected with a 200 square-mile grid system; (2) that even high-altitude tests can be subsequently detected, with some degree of accuracy, by means of radiation 'samples' taken by satellites. By accepting the Teller thesis, the West is undermining the basic principle, authoritatively established by the East-West scientists' conference last August, that a foolproof inspection system can be devised. Moreover, these two exceptions are themselves of great importance. Underground tests can and are being used to proliferate the ever-growing armoury of 'pea-shooter' nuclear weapons, some of which can be fired from rifles, which are blurring the distinction between 'atomic' and 'conventional' war. These weapons, with limited fields of destruction, help military men to persuade themselves that war has once again become 'possible' and need not necessarily invoke universal ruin. The high altitude tests are of even greater significance, for it is impossible, at this stage, to calculate their effects on the radiation belt which surrounds the earth; it may be that we are creating an impassible barrier around us which will kill space-travel in its infancy. Hence, any agreement which makes no attempt to ban these two types of tests would be a mockery, calculated to lull public opinion into an entirely false sense of security.

The Vatican on Elections

The new Vatican decree, forbidding Roman Catholics to vote for political candidates who, though not professing Communist beliefs, are in *de facto* alliance with the Communists, is a foolish document, open to serious misinterpretation. As long ago as 1949, the Holy Office forbade Catholics, under pain of excommunication, to vote for Communists. This seemed unexceptionable: few people would question the right of a church to advise its adherents against a party explicitly committed to militant atheism. At the same time the church wisely refrained from placing a similar veto on Nenni Socialist candidates, despite the fact that they were then in open alliance with the PCI. The new step therefore comes as a surprise, particularly since Pope John XXIII has made it clear that he wishes to disengage the church from politics, and to introduce a democratic element into its decisions. His second desire, indeed, may have given rise to this unforunate decree: it is possible that it was drawn up by the cardinals of the Holy Office against the Pope's wishes, and that he signed it in the spirit of the constitutional sovereign he evidently wishes to become. What prompted the cardinals to act was undoubtedly the situation in semi-autonomous Sicily, where a splinter-group of the Christian Democrats have formed a motley coalition of Communists and Neo-Fascists in an attempt to overthrow the Christian Democrat government. Since Mafia politics are also involved, and since local elections are to take place in June, the purpose of the decree may be justifiable in this particular case. But as it stands, it appears to be universal in its application, and could be used, in other countries and other circumstances, for unwarrantable interference by local church authorities in democratic politics. Social Democrats occasionally find it necessary to form tactical alliances with Communists; in these cases, it is invariably unwise for the church to interfere, particularly since the continental Socialist parties are now progressively abandoning their dogmatic anti-clericalism. The Pope would be well advised to remove the ambiguities in this decree, and make it clear that it is of purely local and temporary application.

Next Stage in Tibet

The Dalai Lama, until a few weeks ago 'Chairman of the Preparatory Committee for the Autonomous Region of Tibet,' will soon be meeting Mr Nehru. The Chinese claim he was kidnapped by 'reactionary elements'. The popular Indian view is that he cannily escaped Chinese vigilance through one of the regular routes from Tibet into India. It is far more likely that the Chinese allowed him to slip through, believing that a reluctant Dalai Lama in their hands would be more trouble than a Dalai Lama in exile whom they could make responsible for any troubles they may have in Tibet. In the meantime, the Panchen Lama, second in spiritual authority to the Dalai, is visiting Peking and has accepted the functions which the Chinese hoped the Dalai Lama would exercise. When he returns to Lhasa we shall learn whether the Tibetans will accept the Chinese educational, land, social and labour programmes which he will promulgate. There is little, if any, trustworthy news about the progress of the fighting. Photographs from Peking have been eloquent about the destruction in Lhasa, and there is no doubt that the rising in the Lhasa area has been effectively quelled, at least for the present. The warlike Khambas maintain their resistance in regions

NEXT WEEK

Shall We Help Mr Gaitskell? IV

by Anthony Howard

where even the toughest Chinese must find it hard to follow them. Many people here may have gained a false impression of increased Tibetan resistance from the reports that a rising in support of the Tibetans had begun 'in Sikang'. But Sikang – which includes most of the Khamba area – no longer exists; it is the name of the province, carved out of a part of Tibet and Szechwan by Chiang Kai-shek and absorbed into Szechwan province in 1955. In short, 'the rising in Sikang' is the Khamba rising.

Second Thoughts in Salisbury

The publication of a new Preventive Detention Bill is a tribute to the opposition raised, both inside the country and in other parts of the world, to the Southern Rhodesian government's original unconscionable attempt at legislation. Paradoxically it also demonstrates both the weakness of this opposition and the government's lack of serious regard for it. It is true that the new bill shows one improvement in that the tribunal to examine the appeal of detainees will be chaired by a judge, who will be assisted by a magistrate and two commissioners, instead of consisting of five members of parliament as previously proposed. Yet the governor, presumably acting on the advice of ministers, will have the power to overrule the tribunal's decision, while the grounds which will justify detention are so vague as to include 'activities which in the opinion of the governor are potentially dangerous'. The bill is thus still based on the original intolerable principle that the government has the right to detain its opponents merely for opposing the *status quo*.

Training the Teachers

Should university graduates who intend to teach in state schools be required to take a special training course in education? At present they may please themselves, and about half of the 5,200 graduate entrants into teaching do so without the extra qualification. The Ministry of Education has hitherto refrained from making any hard-and-fast rule, believing that many much-needed scientists and mathematicians would be dissuaded from becoming teachers if they were obliged to spend another year in training. It now seems, however, that the intended expansion of the training colleges will lead to a proposal to increase the size of university departments of education. But these departments can be enlarged only if they can get more students, and this will be difficult so long as training remains optional. There is, moreover, a sharp difference between the various universities. London University trains one in four of all graduate teachers who receive training, and it has to reject more applicants than it accepts. Most of those who are rejected do not look to the provinces: they prefer to go straight into a school with a salary than spend a year in Hull or Newcastle. As a result, some departments are too full and others are too empty. This lack of balance would be corrected only if training became compulsory: in that case, the Universities Grants Commission would have to find the money to provide adequate facilities throughout the country. Against this, however, is the doubt of many graduates about the value of the additional training, and about the standards of some of the newer departments of education.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Church and State

Senator John F. Kennedy, who clearly hopes to spend his fading boyhood in the White House, a few weeks ago took the first great risk of his campaign for the Democratic nomination, and it is now fairly evident that he has emerged only mildly scathed. Sooner or later he was bound to face what Al Smith faced 30 years ago – the question of how to deal with the allegations, overt or underground, that Roman Catholicism is not altogether compatible with allegiance to a constitution that calls for separation of church and state.

Kennedy had several choices. He could loftily refuse to enter into any such discussion on the ground that the very question is discriminatory and that to recognise it at all is to give it an undeserved dignity. Or he could answer that no such conflict exists for any Catholic, that the issue is wholly spurious. Or, stating his own position, he could speak for himself alone, at the risk of reflecting on fellow-communicants who didn't agree with him. It was the last of these courses that Kennedy elected, taking the political gamble of offending some sections of Catholic opinion for the advantage of minimising Protestant doubts. Setting forth his views in the magazine *Look*, he wrote, pretty much as Smith had, that he believed 'strict separation' of church and state to be 'fundamental to our American concept', but went beyond this to more specific matters. He was 'flatly opposed' to appointing an ambassador to the Vatican; he interpreted the First Amendment as a ban on the use of federal funds to support parochial schools; and he thought that amendment 'an infinitely wise one'. Gratuitously, it seemed, he laid down the opinion that 'Whatever one's religion in his private life may be, for the office-holder nothing takes precedence over his oath to uphold the constitution. . .'

The general reaction of the Catholic press was sharply disapproving. Instead of showing that 'the Catholic religion in no way conflicts with the constitution', one critic complained, he felt called upon to 'publicly subordinate . . . religious faith to the requirements of political office'. The influential journal *America* accused him of having unnecessarily ignored that part of the constitution which 'serenely declares that "no religious test shall ever be required as qualification to any office or public trust under the United States"'. Most of the diocesan journals were shocked at what one described as the Senator's willingness 'to keep his religious convictions in his back pocket while he is in public office – the further inference being that his Catholicism and the constitution are at odds'. Many thought his statement on the school issue too sweeping and more than one echoed *America's* impatience at his 'efforts to appease bigots'.

Significantly, however, the reaction in Catholic circles was far from unanimous. The Liberal *Commonweal* contented itself with 'a few reservations and regrets' and gently chided the Senator's more severe critics. In his home state of Massachusetts a diocesan paper defended him on the ground that his statements were political, not religious, and found him 'no less a Catholic for his stand on them'. And most important, Cardinal Cushing of Boston supported the Senator rather than those who had censured him.

At first it seemed that Kennedy had needlessly hurt himself, but now that the flurry has subsided, it appears that he has not done at all badly. While he undoubtedly ruffled some diocesan feathers, it is not likely that any sizeable number of those who were for him primarily on religious grounds have turned against him, especially with the Cardinal's blessing on his head, and of those who were uneasy about him, likewise for religious reasons, many may well have been relieved by his stand. At the same time, he has demonstrated that the Catholics are not at all the solid bloc they are often alleged to be, a fact that alone should be helpful to his political ambitions. And, finally, he has gone far to dispose of this thorny issue very early in the game. Having given an emphatic answer, he can reasonably refuse from now on to be trapped into any further discussions of a sort that no politician can enjoy.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

Shades of Molière

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. André Malraux launched the long-awaited reform of the French national theatres in a manner characteristic of the de Gaulle regime. The new set-up was decided on in secret, without consulting any of those concerned, by the senior members of Malraux's staff. It was then simply announced, without warning, as a *fait accompli*. M. Hirsch, Administrator-General of the Opéra, learned that he was being replaced by M. Julien by reading about it in the newspapers. Equally, no warning whatever was given to the *Sociétaires* of the Comédie Française that one of their two theatres, the Salle Luxembourg on the Left Bank, was to be withdrawn forthwith from their control and handed over to Jean-Louis Barrault. This procedure was no less regrettable because most people – particularly those interested in serious theatre and music – will undoubtedly approve of the changes. Malraux not only has a deep love and understanding of the theatre, he has also patently refused to allow political considerations to influence his judgment. The Théâtre National Populaire, for instance, which unlike the Comédie Française in recent years has managed to draw vast audiences to performances of the great classics, is to get a second theatre, the Récamier; and this decision was taken despite the fact that Jean Vilar, the TNP's director, is bitterly anti-de Gaulle, and that Gérard Philippe, his leading star, is a member of the Communist Party.

The important changes, however, are concerned with the Comédie Française. At his press conference, Malraux quoted figures to show its recent drift from Racine and Corneille to 'popular' playwrights like Labiche and Feydeau. Last year, out of a total of 556 performances, Racine was staged only six times; and recently a performance of the great cycle of tragedies was postponed to make way for the first night of *Trente Millions de Gladiator* – a typical boulevard play. At this rate, the Comédie Française would end by abandoning the traditions of Molière entirely and staging strip-tease. In Malraux's view, this sad decline was due to bad management and lack of competition between the two theatres, arising from their joint administration. He has therefore decided to place the Salle Richelieu under the control of M. Claude Bréart de Boisanger, the French Ambassador in Prague, with M. Michel Saint-Denis, late of the Old Vic, as artistic director. The Salle Luxembourg, re-christened the Théâtre de France, is to go to the Barrault company. M.

Julien, on the other hand, is to retain joint control of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique, it being assumed, perhaps incorrectly, that these two theatres are not in competition.

The Malraux reforms, as I have said, are popular; the only criticism heard so far is that he has made no mention of money. Not all the faults of the Comédie Française can be blamed on M. Pierre Descaves, its retiring Administrator, or the *Sociétaires*. For some time it has been short of cash, and several leading players, such as Jeanne Moreau and Annie Giradot, were forced to resign because the 32 *Sociétaires* were paid only 96,000 francs a month (the *Pensionaires* got even less: 73,000). On several occasions in recent years there have been strikes of stage-hands and electricians for more wages. Indeed, the worsening financial situation of the two theatres was the main reason why the Comédie, in a desperate attempt to attract bigger audiences, went into competition with the boulevards by staging such plays as *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* and *Le Dindon*. The question everyone is asking is: will the reforms succeed without a further increase in the state subsidy? Most people believe Barrault can make a financial success of the Salle Luxembourg without any lowering of standards. But at the Richelieu, it looks as if things will continue much as before, until Parisians re-acquire a taste for classical theatre.

Fleet Street

Bulwarks Against Freedom

Some time ago the International Press Institute published a survey of Government Pressures on the Press. It indicated that in no less than 42 self-governing countries in what is loosely called the free world – including several British Commonwealth countries – efforts to control or intimidate the press and prevent both independent reporting and the expression of free opinion exist on a substantial scale. It was a grim record and a salutary warning that although the controls exercised in freedom's name may differ in degree, they can often be uncomfortably close in purpose to those exercised more openly by totalitarian regimes. The IPI has now produced what is an almost equally valuable although less startling report on the press in authoritarian countries.

That the press of the USSR or China is operated almost exclusively as an instrument of party ideology is not surprising. What indeed is most interesting in the survey of the Communist press is the degree to which liberalisation has again and again been achieved – if sometimes only temporarily – by the pressures of public opinion and the determined efforts, often at great risk, of journalists themselves. This was particularly true in Hungary where clandestine papers continued to be published even after the revolution had been suppressed and in Poland, where, however, it has sadly to be reported that after reaching a high peak in November-December 1956, the freedom of the press has been continuously eroded over the past two years.

Inside the Soviet Union itself, on the other hand, press freedom has, within strict ideological limits of course, continued to expand. The regional press no longer slavishly imitates the Moscow press. Pravda editorials are no longer automatically reproduced in all papers at the republic and regional level. Editorial staff have been given much more freedom in publishing or not publishing minor government decrees. Foreign news is much more topical and in a number of important instances much less slanted. There is also a beginning of a 'popular' press in the form of evening papers in a number of large towns which carry little or no party propaganda, but publish instead a large amount of local news, sporting news, film and theatre criticism, serials and light articles and a considerable number of pictures – and even advertisements.

But if there is a good deal of evidence of some liberalising of the press in Communist countries, there has been little sign of it in the chief non-Communist authoritarian countries. In Spain, the IPI reports, the press, more than 20 years after the 'National Revolution', is 'still being governed by the same restrictive laws and subjected to almost the same controls as those in force during the Civil War'. These controls include a tight pre-publication censorship on all but a small number of approved newspapers and the constant issue of directives. To report a bad orange crop or a polio outbreak is to risk arrest. Ready-made texts are sent out by the General Directorate of the Press, which have to be published as if they had been written by the paper's own staff. They are often accompanied by detailed instructions as to make-up and type. Only journalists on an official register and who have been trained at the official School of Journalism can be employed. All foreign news is distributed by the EFE News Agency, the dispatches of which are carefully controlled by the Ministry of Information and robbed both of their objectivity and topicality. Arrest and suppression is a constant threat. Yet despite this, 'the breath of freedom', declares the IPI, 'continues to permeate the editorial offices of Spanish newspapers'. Revolts against censorship and control are quite frequent and are becoming more audacious.

The same struggle is going on in Portugal, our 'oldest ally', despite every effort by the official board of censors to reduce the Portuguese press to complete subservience. No paper can appear in Portugal without the censor's official stamp on the front page, and this visa is held up whenever a paper offends against entirely arbitrary decisions. Repeated offence brings suspension or closure without right of appeal. Newspapers are obliged to print all notices from the government and national information offices. Only those newspapers which have proved 'co-operative' are allowed to receive paid advertisements from public enterprises. The distribution of newsprint is operated according to political favour. The National Union of Journalists, membership of which is obligatory, is under tight official control. Yet criticism and satire do manage to break through.

The same is true in those South American centres where similar authoritarian action against the press is common; in Paraguay where 'there is no freedom of the press', and the only non-government paper has not published editorials for 15 years; in Bolivia where the government's most favoured technique against the press is organised hooliganism and the control of newsprint; in the Dominican Republic, where there is no formal censorship because no paper which does not belong to the government, to Generalissimo Trujillo or his brother or friends is allowed to exist; and in Cuba and Nicaragua where, despite promises or actual repeals of censorship laws, almost complete control of the press still exists. In all of them journalists still struggle – often most successfully with the weapon of wit, as *Prensa Libre* did when it replaced all items cut out by the Nicaraguan censorship with pictures of Ava Gardner. The International Press Institute has done both them and journalism everywhere a service by this survey.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

Political Plaza-Toros

Mr Harold Wilson opened the opposition's case by suggesting that the Budget would be called 'an assignment with the general election'; and Mr Reginald Maudling opened the government's case by suggesting that Wilson had been unusually cautious in dealing with a Budget 'which has been generally recognised as being entirely sound in economic terms and which is also widely popular'. These may have been the first, off-the-cuff impressions of the two sides; but after four days' debate, broken by a week-end in the country, both impressions had changed.

At the end of it all, a *Daily Mail* poll on the Budget had shown that 68 per cent. of those questioned said: 'It gives too much to the rich and doesn't help the poorer people and pensioners enough', which hardly made it seem efficient electioneering; and in one day of the debate, so few Tories wanted to echo Maudling's words of praise that four Labour speakers in succession were able to catch the Speaker's eye – an unprecedented event. As for Labour, its attack mounted in confidence until, in the closing speech, Mr Patrick Gordon-Walker announced a vote of censure on the government. It would seem that both parties had initially failed to gauge the mood of the country.

Take that cut in beer duty. This is the traditional bribe – 'an open hand at the Treasury, an open door at the public house', Churchill called it years ago – and last week we still believed that this would be so popular that other aspects of the Budget might be ignored. Yet on Budget night itself, when I might have expected exuberance to be at its height, one farm worker in my local said. 'They ought to have given it to the pensioners', and another said: 'Anyway, they'll take it all back in October' – remarks which suggest that ordinary men today have a greater sense of justice and a sharper appraisal of electioneering tricks than the government thinks. Labour's early criticism of the Budget also failed to match what now appears to be the public mood, even though in his opening speech Wilson did, in fact, cover all the points which on subsequent days were built up into a considerable attack. He condemned the omission of old-age pensioners. He condemned the fact that the government, after extracting £200 million by increased National Insurance contributions, had now returned that £200 million, by the 9d. cut in the standard rate of income tax, mainly to the best off. He showed, in fact, that if an ordinary working man was to get as much benefit from the budget as a man with a large income, he would have to drink 88 pints of beer a day. Yet, on the whole, the impression Wilson seems to have created in the country was that he was attacking the government for having delayed its expansionist policies for so long, rather than for being so unfair in its allocation of spending power. It was not until the debate's second day, with Mr Douglas Jay wondering whether the government could have found a more socially unfair method of distributing some £400 million, that the opposition seemed sure of its line of attack.

Does this all suggest that British democracy is beginning to grow up, that our judgment can be less easily bought or bamboozled? Perhaps this is too optimistic; but the fact that ordinary electors, in their immediate judgment on the Budget, were surer than the political parties, may make politicians revise their ideas of what is expedient, and even of what is right.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Lennox-Boyd's 'Star Chamber'

TRIBUNALS of inquiry, as C. H. Rolph points out on another page in connection with the Waters tribunal, are always unsatisfactory instruments. This seems particularly true in the case of the Devlin Commission, which begins work this week. What Nyasaland needs is either a parliamentary commission of inquiry into the causes of the disturbances or a judicial one. In the event it has got neither. The former, advocated by the Labour Party in the Commons, had two serious drawbacks from the government point of view. First, it would have had to be an all-party commission with the opposition choosing its own representatives. Secondly, it would offend Sir Roy Welensky by demonstrating the British parliament's continuing responsibilty for Federation affairs. The government therefore sought to buy off criticism by appointing an independent (but not 'judicial') commission under the chairmanship of a High Court judge. No one denies Mr Justice Devlin's high qualities. He is not only fair; he is formidable. Armed with the proper powers, he could have been relied on to produce a valuable report. As it is, it will be a miracle if he can report at all.

The government no doubt hopes that, by giving the authority of his name to the commission, it will obscure the extent to which it has introduced an ugly and dangerous precedent. Colonial commissions of inquiry have become a commonplace. It is by no means unprecedented for accusations of seditious activity, of plans for violence and assassination plots to be made against nationalist leaders. It happened in the Gold Coast in 1948; it happened in British Honduras in 1954. When this happens, a statutory machinery of inquiry is usually ready to hand in some local ordinance authorising the Governor to set up an inquiry. And when he does so, it follows a recognised pattern of procedure. The resultant commission usually has all the powers of the High Court; and those implicated in any way have the right to know the charges made against them, to cross-examine witnesses and to be legally represented. That is what happened when Dr Nkrumah was brought before the Watson Commission in 1948. Then too, following riots, accusations of assassination plots were in the air (though the accusations did not name particular persons as in the case of Nyasaland). Because the commission's terms were drawn widely enough, Nkrumah and his colleagues were able to turn the inquiry into a searching attack on the government's policy. As a result the commission's report advocated the constitutional changes which paved the way to eventual self-government.

In Nyasaland, too, there has been since 1914 a Commissions of Inquiry Ordinance which enables the Governor to set up an inquiry with far-reaching powers. But the Colonial Secretary has refused to use it. Instead he has adopted the highly unusual procedure of issuing an Order-in-Council under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act of 1890. This enables him to limit both the commission's powers and its terms of reference. The latter have been restricted to the recent disturbances in Nyasaland 'and the events leading up to them'. How liberally Mr Justice Devlin intends to interpret this remains to be seen. But the instrument outlining his commission's powers allows him no such latitude. It lays down that the inquiry must be held in private; it gives the commission no power to call witnesses (it may merely 'examine on oath' those who present themselves); and, most serious of all, it lays down that no one implicated in the inquiry may be present when another witness gives evidence against him, or cross-examine such a witness, unless the latter so agrees. Nor may his legal representative. Moreover, it is clear from the exchanges which have taken place between the Colonial Secretary and Mr Gaitskell that the persons implicated will not have the right to be shown a transcript of the evidence against them – even one which omits names and other details that might give the informant away. They may not even know the specific charges.

Mr Lennox-Boyd, of course, pleads that his witnesses would not come forward if they could not remain unknown. That is an old story. But what makes his argument so discreditable is his claim that the Devlin commission is 'not a judicial tribunal to investigate charges made against named persons'. Yet it is Mr Lennox-Boyd himself who has levelled against named persons specific allegations of organising a massacre plot. He made them first in the Commons; then in the White Paper; then in a broadcast when he declared categorically that he knew that Dr Banda was behind the plot. If the Devlin commission is not to inquire into such specific official charges what is it set up to do? In fact, the Devlin commission will differ from a judicial inquiry only in that it will not be given any of the usual judicial aids. Dr Banda and his colleagues will, to all intents and purposes, be on trial – on evidence given in secret by secret informers.

The presence of Mr Justice Devlin on this commission may ensure that, despite its handicaps, some good may yet come of it. The longer-term danger is that the government has set an evil precedent for the future – when it may not appoint a Devlin to preside.

Pensions and the Budget

Two important and related matters were being considered by parliament last week. The first, the Budget, will lower income tax by £229 million in a full year. The second, the National Insurance Bill, will increase the yield of national insurance contributions by a sum of £104 million in the first full year, rising to over £600 million by the end of the century. Never before in this century has there been a plan on such a scale to switch the burden of taxation from rich to poor.

The fiscal manipulations involved in the government's new pension scheme have attracted little attention. Such is the hold of the insurance myth over public opinion. The government has made the convenient discovery that it can levy a heavy poll-tax combined with a new discriminatory income-tax, provided it is all called an 'insurance contribution' and stated to be necessary to secure the rights of pensioners. Almost totally unobserved by the press, a small committee of Labour MPs, working three times a week upstairs in the House of Commons, extracted a series of damaging facts from the Minister of Pensions. From this new information and other sources it is possible to piece together the truth behind the government's pension scheme.

The basic financial problem of pensions has remained unaltered ever since Winston Churchill announced that contributory pensions were to be introduced in his Budget speech of 1925. From the start the existing pensioners were given pensions as of right without having paid contributions for them. And no pensioner today has paid a tithe of what is needed on a strict actuarial basis. Pensions have always been run on a pay-as-you-go basis. As current contributions have been used to pay current pensions, no proper fund has been built up: it has always been planned that the insurance fund would go into the red. And it was proposed by Churchill in 1925, by Beveridge in 1942 and by Griffiths in 1946 that this deficit should be met from general taxation. For example, the 1946 bill expected that the Exchequer would have to find £200 million (or £360 million in today's prices) for the pensions deficit in 1968.

The 1959 National Insurance Bill can be seen as the culmination of an eight-year-old plot, hatched in Whitehall or John Adam Street, to prevent the deficit in the pensions fund from falling on the higher taxpayer. The first step was taken in 1951, to the eternal shame and embarrassment of the Labour Party, when new entrants to national insurance were first made to pay more than was actuarially necessary for them to buy their pensions. The second step was an attempt to reduce the cost of pensions by raising the pension age. A committee was set up early in 1952 on the employment of older men and women, in the hope that it would report that people could be made to work longer than in the past. The conclusions, however, were not as anticipated. A second committee was set up in the middle of 1953 to review the economic and financial problems of the provision for old age. This did recommend a higher pension age, but the government, faced by this time with the prospect of an election, did not dare to act.

The government then fell back on the first line of approach. Every time pensions were increased to meet rising prices, the opportunity was taken to raise national insurance contributions higher than was actuarially needed. By 1957, the employed man was made to pay for his pension 39 per cent. more than was actuarially required. Meanwhile the contribution for the National Health Service which is paid alongside the national insurance contribution was increased by 180 per cent., from tenpence to 2s. 4d. The total effect was to switch the sum of nearly £200 million from general taxation, adjusted according to ability to pay, to the flat rate insurance tax.

In 1957 the Labour Party's *National Superannuation* was published: this scheme introduced the principle of wage-related contributions and benefits. It offered 'half-pay' pensions hedged against inflation. It was a genuine superannuation scheme in the sense that it gave good value for money to all except the highest income groups. Nevertheless, it was a sitting target for an overbid. But Macmillan decided not to follow in Adenauer's footsteps. When the government's scheme was published a year later, it became clear that the principle of wage-related contributions was to be adopted, not to provide adequate pensions, but to extract from the lower income groups more money to pay for existing pension commitments. It is true that under the new bill those earning £9 a week will have to pay only what is actuarially needed for a new entrant; but those earning above that sum who take part in the scheme will have to pay, with their employers, a contribution of 8.5 per cent. on all income between £9 and £15 a week. For this additional contribution they will get a higher pension; but, on the Minister's own figures, only 42 per cent. of the contribution is actuarially needed for this purpose for a new entrant. The remaining 58 per cent. of the new contribution goes to relieve the Exchequer of its previous commitment – to give pensions to those who have paid inadequate contributions in the past. Among these 'deficit' pensioners are a number of better-off people who started paying contributions only in 1948 and are now receiving pensions on exactly the same terms as those who have been paying since 1925.

Nor is this all. The Bill takes power to raise still further the level of contributions every five years. Thus by 1981, a new entrant earning £15 per week would be made to pay 84 per cent. more than the actuarial value of his total pension as calculated by the Minister. Taking the graduated contributions alone, a new entrant could buy privately the pension which the scheme promises him at a quarter the cost. It is not surprising that Mr Boyd-Carpenter is constantly claiming that his scheme should not be looked at from an actuarial point of view.

There is no objection to a government running a pay-as-you-go scheme with higher than actuarial contributions, provided two important conditions are satisfied. First, it must distribute the payments according to ability to pay. Secondly, any excess contributions must be compulsory. But this government has satisfied neither condition. Contributions are levied only on incomes up to £15 per week, and private schemes are able to contract out on very easy terms. Like death duties, the new national insurance contribution is, in a sense, a voluntary tax – but with a difference. The decision about whether it shall be paid is taken not by the individual but by his employer. Those who are contracted out will be able to avoid a levy of three shillings a week in excess of the value of the benefits available if they had stayed in. In a scheme which allows contracting out, the actuarial approach cannot be entirely cast aside. Inevitably the well-informed will compare the benefits they are offered in the scheme with those they can buy outside it with the same money.

The government scheme, therefore, under the pretence of bringing our antiquated pension arrangement into line with those of other western countries, is little more than a gimmick to relieve the Exchequer – to help a Conservative government to show its loyal supporters that it is reducing taxation. It makes no attempt to deal with the grinding poverty of those pensioners who have not been civil servants. Those earning £9 per week are never to have a pension at subsistence level – and this includes the vast majority of women. Nor are the self-employed. The most that Mr Boyd-Carpenter's scheme provides is the sum of £6 1s., with no guarantee against inflation, to a married man who has consistently earned not less than £15 per week from 1961 to the year 2008. By 2008, the Minister expects the national income to be 150 per cent. higher than at present. So, while a married man today receives a pension of about a third of his average earnings, the most a married man can expect to receive in 2008 will be a pension of about a fifth of his average earnings in working life.

Under both the government's and the Labour Party's proposals, the national insurance contribution will become, if it has not already become, a major weapon in the fiscal armoury. It is, in effect, the income tax on working people. The government intends to collect in 1961/2 on incomes up to £15 a week a total from insured persons and employers of £802 million. Income tax collects considerably less than half this amount on the same range of income. Indeed income tax collects less than the proposed yield of national insurance contributions on all personal income under £2,000 a year.

There are some Conservatives, notably Sir Keith Joseph writing in a recent issue of *Crossbow*, who would like to see still more of our social services paid for by a flat rate insurance contribution. While this inegalitarian proposal must be stoutly resisted, there is a case for a larger role for wage related contributions than that envisaged in 'National Superannuation'. They could well be used to pay for wage-related sickness and unemployment benefits and for part of the National Health Service, *provided* the contribution is levied over all income and does not stop at £15 per week.

Now that income tax is being reduced and the insurance contribution is to take the place of income tax as the main direct tax on moderate incomes, the relation between the two levies must be thought out afresh. The essential difference between the two is that, while no allowances can be claimed against the insurance contribution, the income tax payer can escape tax on a variety of pretexts including old age, or the provision for children or dependent relatives. The principles that underlie these allowances conflict with the directly provided social services, such as family allowances, which have developed later. To take this one example it is clearly undesirable for the state, by granting child allowances in the income tax, to assist the higher income groups to give their children a better start in life. In this respect, insurance contributions are the better means of taxation.

The time has come for drastic new thinking about the whole tax structure. One possibility would be to abolish income tax. A wage-related social security contribution could take its place at the rate of one or two shillings in the pound. Surtax could then be made to start at incomes of (say) £600 per year. There should be no allowances. This is not playing with words but an attempt to create an honest fiscal system. At least it might put a stop to the present trickery of Mr Heathcoat Amory.

BRIAN ABEL-SMITH

London Diary

No one has ever doubted the ability, courage or endurance of Dulles. Given a sense of mission and a pathetic president, he ran American foreign policy from his briefcase. He was the man who had met everyone, been everywhere and knew what he wanted – and for weeks on end he would be out of touch with his permanent staff. More than once, ignoring the usual departmental routine, he arrived back in Washington with agreements which his subordinates had first heard of from the press. Indeed, I'm told the State Department machine is so run down and demoralised that it will be hard for his successor to build it up again. The fault, of course, did not lie entirely with Dulles. Much of the confusion and timidity stemmed from McCarthy's disreputable attacks on diplomats and State Department officials, which drove a good many able men out of the public service. One man who did profit from all this was Walter Robertson, who, coincidentally, is leaving at the same time as Dulles. He has been the head of the Far East section, a darling of the China Lobby. Sadly, he was one of the few officials to whom Dulles did delegate a lot of authority.

* * *

The Tories are naturally more sensitive about the accusation that they are the brutal party than they ever were that they were the stupid party. They realise that the 'image' left after the rally at their Blackpool conference last October, when infuriated Tory women hit Empire Loyalist interrupters in the face while stewards held the victims' arms behind their backs, is not exactly the one recommended by their public relations advisers. The fact, too, that a number of their own journalists turned traitor by protesting in print against the vindictive scenes at Blackpool has rankled. This no doubt explains the extraordinary outburst in the *Daily Mail* last week when it devoted a whole editorial to trying to prove that the stewards at the Labour party rally on Nyasaland in the Albert Hall had handled interrupters equally brutally. Unfortunately for the *Mail* not a single reporter present at the meeting substantiated its version of the events. On the contrary, as Barbara Castle hastened to point out in a telling letter to the *Mail*, the reporter from the *Manchester Guardian* in his detailed account made a big point of the fact that Labour stewards had obviously had strict instructions to avoid violence and 'could be seen receiving a rain of blows from hecklers and refusing to reply in kind'. The *Mail*, as it was in duty bound to do, published Barbara Castle's letter, but accompanied it with a photograph taken at the meeting showing a steward putting a neat neck-grip on a violently struggling young interrupter. No doubt feeling that even this photograph did not exactly prove its point, it returned to the attack the following day by giving top prominence in its letter column to a letter under the heading: 'The Words Mrs Castle Missed', signed by G. M. Murray, of Esher, Surrey. What the readers of the *Mail* could not be expected to know is that Mr George Murray, who lives in Esher, is chief leader-writer and a director of the *Mail*. I think it must be unique for a national newspaper to write letters to itself in an effort to save its own face.

* * *

The strong showing of the Liberal candidate in Galloway has at last alarmed the Tory Central Office; a 'Liberal threat' really exists. There are already 150 Liberal candidates in Tory seats, many of them marginals. With each week that passes, it becomes clearer that the two major parties are likely to remain about evenly balanced; the issue may therefore be settled by the number of Liberal interventions. It would not surprise me if the Liberals and Tories sign a series of local pacts, on the lines of Bolton West, before the autumn. But will voters, who are inclined to express their resentment at the two big parties at by-elections, continue to vote Liberal on the more 'serious' occasion of a general election? This is the key question. My guess is that they will do so only if the Liberals succeed in creating a more concrete political image. Few people know what they stand for – apart from electoral reform. And Jo Grimond's new book, *The Liberal Future* (Faber, 12s. 6d.) does not help matters much. It is an unexceptional restatement of humanitarian principles with which any 'decent' Englishman, whatever his politics, would probably agree – most Englishmen, whatever their party, are basically 'liberal'. But practical proposals are absent, except in an appendix about which there hangs the naive flavour of motions passed by undergraduate debating societies. The Liberals would do well seriously to think out a few concrete issues of policy.

* * *

Miss Arrowsmith and her friends on the Direct Action Committee (in dissident communion with the Nuclear Campaign Committee) have broken out in a new place. Arguing that if you campaign against making a rocket site in Norfolk you ought also to oppose the production of the rocket itself, they are running a two-week campaign amongst the workers on guided missiles at Stevenage. They have roused something of a ferment in the trade union branches there. Local people are urging the Development Corporation to substitute a non-nuclear industry for their town. Some workers came out on an hour's token strike and 75 people promised financial aid to tide over any rocket factory worker who leaves his job on conscientious grounds. Obviously, this practically supported type of 'moral suasion' could have a much more effective kind of activity than the abortive policy of the 'voters' veto'. If trade unionists begin to protest vigorously against being asked to make weapons of mass destruction, it will have an effect on the trade union and the Labour movement as a whole. Wildcat strikes, on the other hand, would only alienate trade union leaders, some of whom are coming round to the anti-nuclear position.

Of the more distant horrors which scientists promise us, few seem more repulsive, when I think out the implications, than last week's prophecy by Sir Ronald Fraser in Australia. He told them in Adelaide that scientists would eventually increase the intelligence of dogs, cats and monkeys, and then added:

> Surgery on the brain, followed by intensive training, should enable these animals to speak simple sentences. One day every family may have an intelligent monkey as a servant, and monkeys may also be taught to work in factories.

H. G. Wells once wrote about this in *The Island of Dr Moreau*. But that was only a nightmare.

* * *

Harold Wilson, as our profile last week showed, is the least likely candidate for a Shortly Floorcross label. Yet some readers mistook the concluding sentences to mean that Wilson, having proved himself a formidable opponent to Thorneycroft, Macmillan and Heathcoat Amory, might one day prove a formidable colleague of theirs. In order to calm such fears, let it be said that the colleagues to whom we thought Wilson might prove formidable were any of those on the Labour front bench who may qualify for Macmillan's description of 'ageing Delilahs'.

* * *

I know a man who crusades against things like spiked railings, broken glass on the tops of walls, and barbed wire; especially barbed wire, which he thinks ought to be prohibited under heavy penalties. At least, this is the way his thoughts ran until last week, when he entered the last phase of a longish battle with a recently acquired, elderly pony that keeps the grass tidy in a small paddock at the back of his house. Not being used to ponies, he fenced this one in with wooden gates and hurdles where the blackthorn hedges did not suffice, constantly renewing them as the pony pulled them up in the process of scratching its neck. At last, and almost in secret, he resorted to barbed wire except for one small entrance which he proposed to use himself. Here he built a kind of stile, very strong and new-looking. The pony began knocking it over, and he reinforced it daily until it looked more like a buffer for stopping railway locomotives. Last Tuesday he looked out of his bedroom window and saw the pony walking about with the stile round its neck.

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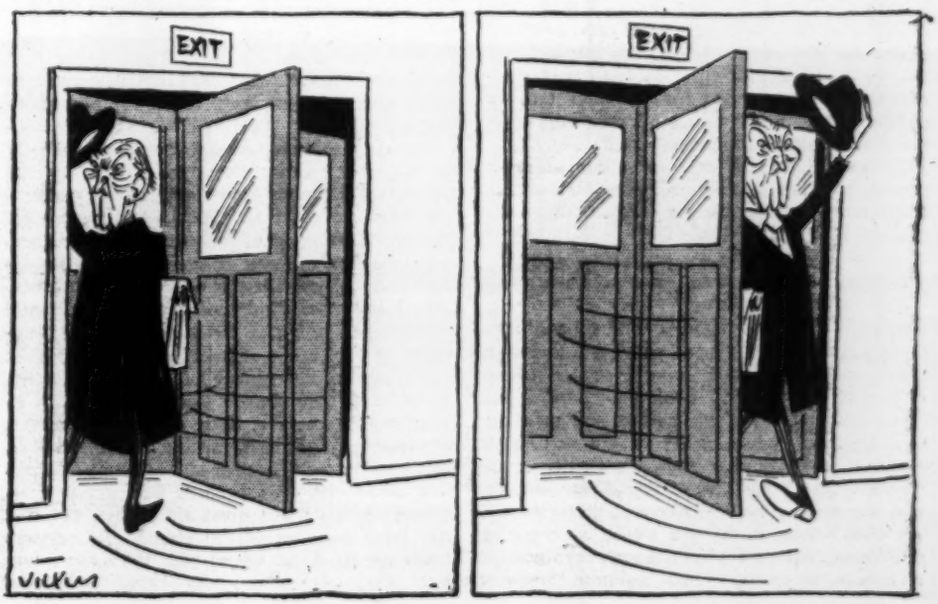


This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Heavy rain fell an hour before the Queen arrived at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, last night. There was a large puddle just where she had to step from the car. But no Sir Walter Raleigh.

So smiling as if it was not there she stepped over the puddle.—*Daily Express.* (James Robertson-Justice.)

Bournemouth Parks and Pleasure Grounds Committee is going to knock the 'Pleasure' out of its title. From next month, it will be known as the Parks and Cemeteries Committee.—*Bournemouth Evening Echo.* (P. Clarke.)

Young man, 17, willing to work 85-hour week, including Sundays. Min. £22 p.w. Labouring preferred. G.C.E. in 9 subjects. Hard worker and fit.—10 St. Michael's Road, Maidstone.—Advert in *Kent Messenger.* (Sidney Bernstein.)

On one occasion during the sermon Achille came into the church and walked up the aisle looking for my grandmother, who took him by the collar to lead him out. Hawker, who loved dogs, stopped his sermon. 'Let him be, Mrs Mills, there were dogs in the ark.' During the rest of the sermon Achille sat motionless on the pew apparently listening devoutly. —Letter in *The Times.* (D. R. Dare.)

I am not a medical man, but I shall want a lot of convincing that British Summer Time is not the cause of the large amount of stomach and other complaints rife in this country today.—Letter in the *Star.* (Therese Buck.)

Trial by Smear

Now that the mountainous labour of the Waters Tribunal has reached its due fulfilment, there occurs a good moment to consider the general usefulness of the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Act, 1921. Has it ever done any good? Does it, for example, keep the police on their toes? (Since the Waters case, there has been a noticeable crop of prosecutions alleging that policemen have committed assaults. Were any of these encouraged by fears of a parliamentary question and a tribunal?)

Since the end of the First World War we have been having these tribunals about once every two years: the Waters case brings the average up—we had the Bank Rate affair only last year. But it may be as well to reflect for a moment that this parliamentary power to set up tribunals of inquiry is as old as parliament itself. The Act of 1921, which gives a tribunal some additional powers, has no meaning until both Houses have resolved, as, for example, they did in effect about Warren Hastings in 1788:

> that it is expedient that a tribunal be established to inquire into a definite matter of urgent public importance, that is to say . .

And even that is not enough. The tribunal must be appointed by the Queen or by a Secretary of State, who must declare in doing so that the Act of 1921 is to apply to it. Thereupon it has a good many (but not all) of the powers and privileges of a bench of judges in the High Court (or, in Scotland, the Court of Session). Critics of the whole system have always mistakenly believed that if you got rid of the Act, as a group of MPs are now hoping to do, you would have got rid of tribunals of inquiry; but although parliament, if it chose, could get rid of both, a statute abrogating its power to set up committees of inquiry would be a curious act of self-mutilation.

Still, there is a case for re-examining the Act of 1921, even perhaps for scrapping it. Consider an example of the way it works. Suppose that you are employed in a small business which is doing well in a highly competitive trade. It is known that someone on the staff is selling trade secrets to another firm. It is also known that your wife happens to work for the other firm. Suspicion falls on you; and there is an accidental piece of evidence that seems to support the suspicion. You could be charged in an ordinary court under the Prevention of Corruption Act, 1906 (and so long as your case has caused no national scandal, you probably will be). You will there be tried according to the rules of evidence—about the strictest in the world—and on the assumption that the allegations against you are not true.

No hearsay will be allowed. You will have an absolute right to be legally represented. You can have free legal aid if your income is small enough to justify it. If the magistrates think you have a case to answer (but not otherwise) you will go before a jury. If the jury unanimously find you guilty, you can nevertheless appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal. If the judge's sentence seems to you unduly severe, you can appeal against that too. And if you can then convince the Attorney-General (a tough job, let it be admitted) that the Court of Criminal Appeal has gone wrong about your case, you can appeal to the House of Lords. And you could, in fact, do all this on a charge of stealing an apple.

Now suppose that instead of being employed in that little business you are one of the key men in a nationalised industry. You are said to have sold secrets and thereby damaged private interests which your board is required by law to protect. And you are as innocent in this case as you were in the other. You are still quite likely to be prosecuted; but if not, what you may get is a tribunal of inquiry. You will not get it until there have been weeks or perhaps months of rumour, questions in the House of Commons, remarks slipped out in radio discussion programmes, and thinly disguised allusions to yourself by popular comedians. And when you get it, you will not be accused of anything: you will be a 'witness', although (whether at first you realise it or not) you will be there under compulsion. Therefore, you will not be able to refute any specific charges, for there won't be any. You will have no right to be represented: you may get this as a concession; but, whatever your circumstances, you must pay for it yourself, as must any other witness, rich or poor, who wants that kind of protection. And your very request for a lawyer will suggest to many minds that you know yourself to be a guilty man.

Not only that: it will be your one and only hearing. No inquiry by a magistrate, by the police, by a lawyer undertaking your defence. No jury. No right of appeal. And very little chance, however your character is blackened, that your case will ever be given a normal criminal trial—the publicity, it will be said, has destroyed any chance of finding an impartial jury (though no amount of pre-trial publicity is supposed to matter in a murder trial).

Nothing in the history of the 1921 Act has shown this more plainly than the case of J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies in Mr Baldwin's government, and Sir Alfred Butt, to whom he gave some useful advance information about the 1936 Budget. For many weeks before anything was done about this, not only did every member of the House of Commons know (or think he knew) who the culprit was, but Thomas's name was being mentioned throughout the country. At last the government proposed a tribunal under the 1921 Act.

MPs had by this time grown to dislike the Act intensely, and gave it a thorough debate for the first time in its 15 years of operation. 'Why not a House of Commons committee instead?' asked Mr Attlee. 'After all', he said, 'this is the High Court of Parliament, and yet the government says the House is unfit to act as a court because of partiality.' Sir Stafford Cripps wanted the case referred to the Director of Public Prosecutions in pursuance of the Official Secrets Acts. Impossible, said Sir John Simon: the Director can only act when a clear charge can be made against some individual. Sir Stafford maintained (rightly) that the Director often told the police what he wanted them to do, long before anyone was charged. The House listened in some perplexity to this clash between two such experts, each a former Attorney-General; and then it heard the current Attorney-General, Sir Donald Somervell, in flat disagreement with Sir Stafford Cripps about whether the case came under the Official Secrets Act at all. What was it to do? It set up a tribunal under the 1921 Act, and went home.

Suspicion in this case had fallen, heavily, upon one individual. So it did with the Lynskey Tribunal in 1948, which had to inquire into allegations that 'payments had been sought, offered, promised, made or received by or to ministers of the Crown'. It had to deal with an unprecedented flood of hearsay evidence. It is fair to say that this kind of evidence, which is much more freely used abroad, can ventilate and even clear up a scandal in a way that no criminal trial ever has or will; but these tribunals can ruin reputations far more effectively, just as they can shatter the restored self-esteem of a man whose past has been of the kind that has to be lived down. It is all very well to offer 'immunity' to any witness who will help the tribunal. The government did this in 1933 in the case of a Glasgow magistrate convicted for corruptly soliciting money in connection with the allocation of street market pitches; and some of the resulting witnesses later wished they had ignored the appeal. The witness is given no protection against exposure by questioning in the witness box, as the father of John Waters discovered during the Inverness inquiry when he was asked about his convictions for poaching and assault.

All these pros and cons will now come under fire again, for Mr Macmillan has promised that the Act of 1921 will be re-examined now that the Waters Tribunal is over. If it is to be retained, I would offer two suggestions for making it fairer than it is now. First, it should never be necessary to use it in simple cases like that of John Waters, which ought to go to court in the ordinary way. Secondly, every witness ought to be told:

> You are not obliged to say anything that might incriminate you, and you should understand clearly that what happens here is probably final. There can be no appeal against this tribunal's decision, and it is unlikely that there will be any proceedings, civil or criminal, at which you could correct or withdraw anything said here in error.

Above all, it ought to be remembered that if we repeal the Act altogether, we shall still have tribunals of inquiry (probably calling them something else), with rather less control over what they do. But for one snag, they could be regarded as the modern form of the ancient right to petition the Crown. The snag is that they never redress any wrongs. More often than not, they are a reluctant governmental gesture to the mob.

C. H. Rolph

Knight's move, or castle's?

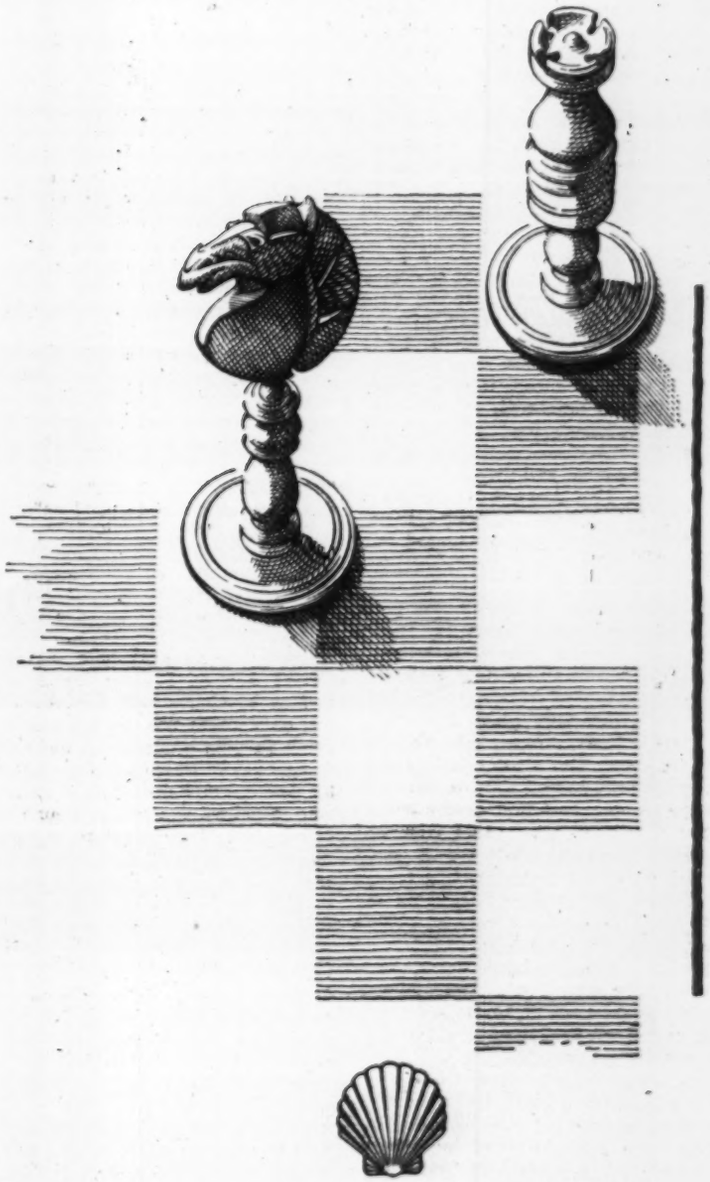
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



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Parkinson in Paris

In the days when Unesco began to take shape out of the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation it probably did a lot of good. It was alive and kicking in Julian Huxley's time and under his Mexican successor, Torres Bodet. But it was certainly ill-housed in buildings which had been not very impressively adapted or decorated. Now it is magnificently housed but seems to be gradually running down. Most of the more important projects which are now being developed, including the eight-volume non-national history of the world, were planned much earlier – and are still being argued about as well as worked on.

What has happened? Two things, I think. In the old days a small body of top intellectuals, all genuinely enthusiastic for international co-operation, met rather informally and produced plans and ideas. Perhaps they even produced too many plans and ideas; some of them doubtless were unpractical. But now Unesco is organised on a national basis like the United Nations. Every country sends an intellectual; but some countries have not got so many to choose from and their delegates, who are not necessarily fluent in any of the four official languages, tend to do very little but vote.

They do vote, of course, and they duly arrange themselves in blocs. That seems to be the idea. I fear we cannot absolve the late Secretary General, Dr Luther Evans, from having encouraged this. Nor is it likely that his Roman Catholic successor will alter the arrangement. Is this 'national' arrangement sensible from the intellectual point of view? It is very difficult for the newly literate countries to find someone appropriate to send. For that matter, it is difficult for other countries, too, especially in the field of science; when people have deeply interesting jobs which keep them busy, they are not likely to want to go off and play politics in Paris. But when, for example, Nigeria becomes a fully fledged nation who can be spared to attend a body such as Unesco? A man like Professor Ken Dike, who would command respect among the historians of the world, would not conceivably want to drop his work at Ibadan University College. The United States, on the other hand, and France have plenty of professors to spare.

In practice, of course, most of the appointments tend to be government ones – some of them, no doubt, filled on the basis of 'We've got to find a job for old so-and-so'. Well, there old so-and-so is, busily occupying his office in these very handsome buildings. For the difficulty is that Parkinson's Law is inexorably working itself out. The sets of files are filled, and the young ladies at the various desks are stylish and well made-up – though one notes that they suffer from draughts owing to the fact that the admirable stonework of the lower exterior is not cut as a complete fit for the well-proportioned steel and glass window and door units. It seems a little sad to see the cracks stuffed with *Le Figaro* and *Echo de Paris*.

The building, of course, is in the main magnificent, and it is nice to think of the fun that the distinguished artists and architects must have got out of it. Calder has contributed a handsome mobile and Henry Moore a magnificent sculpture, which reclines in state on a cunningly shaped grass plot. Indeed, I am enthusiastic about the outside of the building. The honest marks of the shuttering show with a fine tough appropriateness on the concrete with only here and there an emphasis of marble or highly polished limestone. The entrance portico with its curved and pointed wings is a lovely piece of modern concrete engineering – a hundred tons of it, but yet it looks light and exciting. The outside staircase at the back is made of concrete slabs – but this, too, looks as light and gay as a child's toy. Its single handrail, however, is also made light, and I should hate to have to run down it if there was a fire. It is a pity that nobody remembered to make provision for cleaning the huge number of windows. But I hear that a window-cleaning expert is on his way from New York.

An interesting example of spacial Parkinsonism is the Japanese (or should one say Japanese-American?) garden at the back. It connects two of the buildings, and the changes of level are so designed as to make the spaces appear to contain much more than an ordinary garden plot could do. Yet an extraordinary amount of significance has, after all, flowed into this piece of ground, which might so very easily have been mere grass. I can imagine a delegate in full fury of indignation or frustration raging out into this garden but recovering his temper before he gets to the far end. Perhaps, therefore, it may be considered very functional indeed.

So there you are: this splendid building for the organisation which started with good ideas, but in general without enough money to carry them out; and now most of the money is being spent by an enormous army of people busily writing, typing, getting in and out of lifts, coalescing into intent little groups, arranging to dash off to the ends of the world, and a good many of them occupied in the apparently entrancing game of power politics. Some of the Unesco people who were once keen have now got terribly bored with the incessant by-play of the Cold War and the ganging up of the smaller nations with one or other of their masters over things which you might think were reasonably non-political. It is very odd that people behave so much worse when they are representing their country than they would as private individuals. Even on a County Council you may arrive at compromises: so-and-so may stand down; common sense may prevail; it is no sin to change one's mind. But in this atmosphere, national pride is such that solutions which everyone agrees to be sensible cannot be taken; neither the Roman Catholic hierarchy nor the Communist hierarchy will give away points. There could conceivably be an effective middle bloc starting with India and joined, one could hope, by the new African countries. How helpful that might be – but will it come about?

I wonder what would happen if an international organisation were to be established in a small inconvenient, perhaps ugly, building, not in Paris or New York or any desirable capital. Is it possible that in this way you would only get the really keen people, willing to make material sacrifices for the sake of an idea? Or is this a dreadfully reactionary notion? Is it, despite everything, better in the interests of the greatest happiness of the greatest number that Parkinson should always prevail?

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Capogruppo

When I began work with the Magic Carpets Travel Agency, I spent the first three weeks stuffing envelopes with brochures. Then I was put on a coach full of Midlanders and cruised about London shouting out the names of places (hardly any of which I actually knew). And then, by slow stages, I drifted on to Paris and Switzerland. Finally I was put on Italian tours.

The Italian tour started at Victoria Station. There were normally about 30 clients. When the train arrived at yellow, blowsy Domodossola, we used to be met by an Italian state representative and pushed into a blue and silver coach, equipped with a bar and a radio and a huge ferocious driver who cleared the roads like an epidemic. There was nothing to do but trundle round Milan, Venice, Bologna, Rome and Naples, pretending to be vaguely responsible for cathedrals, eating enormous meals in hotels, and pointing at Boticellis. The tour ran on oiled wheels. I drew commission from curio-shops, excursions, cameos and brothels, and found myself living an effortless charmed life guarded by peculiar angels. Unfortunately this idyllic existence did not last. The coach was replaced by a train and the numbers of the clients rose from 30 to 100 and finally to 250. I began to feel I was managing a sort of perambulating factory, and it didn't suit me at all.

My last Italian tour took place in a warm, hazy autumn. I should have learnt my lessons, but that is something I never do. All the Magic Carpet Italian tours were divided into first and second-class bookings, which included first and second-class accommodation on the trains and in the hotels. This arrangement always caused a certain amount of bad feeling, since almost all Magic Carpet clients belonged to the same social stratum; and, if anything, the second-class group contained more schoolmasters, pianists and pretty girls than the first. It was generally understood, as an unwritten law for tour couriers, that they should always choose their girl-friends from the second-class group – even though the chief courier (or *Capogruppo*, as he was called in Italy) stayed in first-class hotels and was fed personally with peaches and cream by the *maître d'hotel* himself. Once over the Italian frontier, among the golden flowers, dirt, shouts and sly nymphs of that black-market fairyland, the *Capogruppo* could install his second-class girl in his hotel for the evening and could fear nothing worse than first-class winks in the bar and applause from the waiters.

For my last tour, although there was a very large number of clients, I was furnished with only one assistant courier. He was a young man called Bill Yates, and was an out-of-work comedian who had just finished a season in Burnley. The staff-manager was quite glad to take him on because a 'sense of humour was of paramount importance in dealing with Magic Carpet clients'. Bill Yates started joking the moment I met him at Victoria Station and continued all the way to Paris, where we changed trains to re-embark on the midnight special to Stresa. It was at this moment that the tour began to disintegrate. For some reason or other I had acquired last year's timetable and was unaware that the Stresa train was, in fact, due to leave an hour earlier than usual. We were sitting in the station restaurant, and Bill Yates was going around the tables telling dubious jokes, when a waiter happened to mention the time of the train. It was leaving in exactly three minutes.

I jumped up, grabbed Yates by the arm and told him to get everyone out on to the platform immediately. After he had finished laughing, we rushed all over the restaurant, shouting at Magic Carpet clients, French commercial travellers, Swiss diplomats, *poules de luxe*, and elderly ladies going for the cure. Then we rushed down

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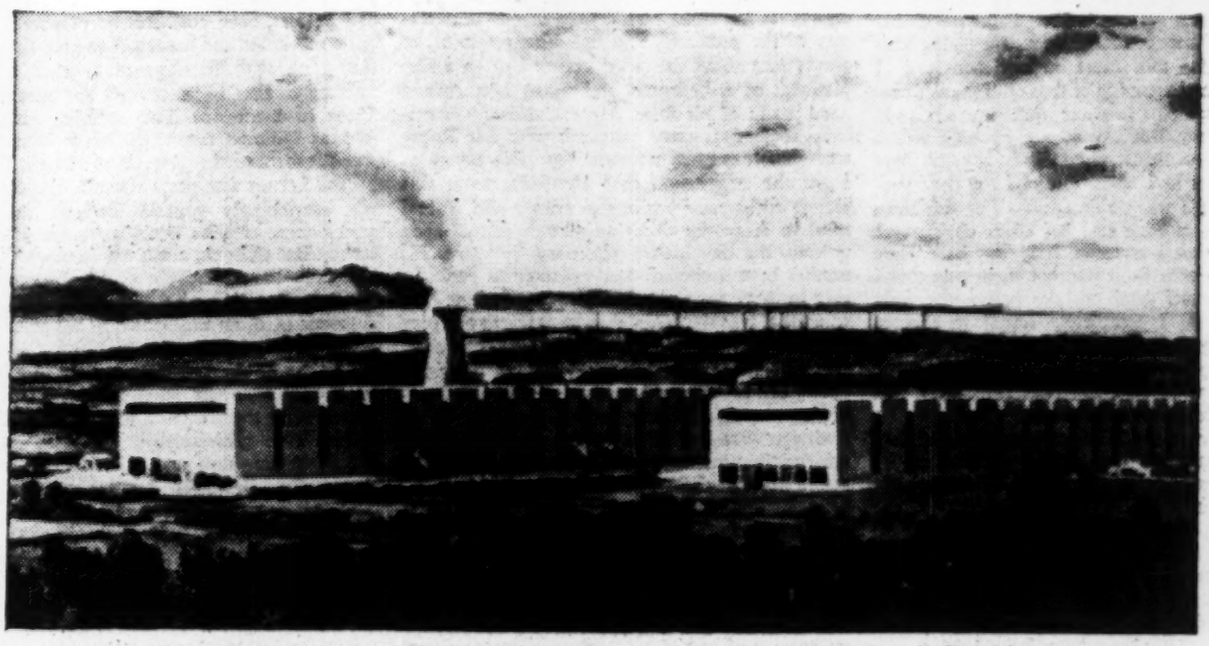

Trostre tinplate works *From an original painting in oils by Charles Cundall, R.A.* These works, situated eight miles west of Swansea, came into production in 1951 and cost £16,000,000. They are here seen against the background of the Gower Peninsula, with the town of Llanelly three miles away.

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to the conveniences, which, for some psychological reason or other, are more frequently used by Magic Carpet tourists than any other class of human being, and banged on the doors. 'Platform Five,' we shouted; 'the train is leaving in one minute.'

The confusion on Platform Five was quite frightening. Several people were actually crying, suitcases were lost, wives were shouting for their husbands, the train whistle blew, there was even some sort of fight going on near the engine. Desperately I bribed one of the station officials, who stopped the fight and delayed the departure of the train. Yates went around telling jokes; but in the end even he got alarmed, and both of us cleared off leaving the chaos to be unravelled by the station official. We were slinking down a first-class corridor when we saw a very smart, youngish woman sitting in one of the compartments doubled up with laughter.

'May we come in?' said Yates. 'We want to hide, as a matter of fact.'

'By all means,' said the woman. We arranged our luggage and sat down facing her. When we explained what had happened, she started laughing all over again.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but I happen to be one of your clients. I've come all the way from America.'

'I'm sorry,' I said.

'That's all right,' she said. 'This makes a great change from America.'

After a few minutes, Bill Yates left the compartment to comb the train for a girl and to make a few experimental jokes. He returned later with a young woman with reddened eyes, who told us she couldn't find her father. 'He'll turn up,' said Yates. 'It isn't as bad as parts of the last war.'

The situation was bad. The *Capogruppo* has to keep some sort of moral ascendancy – the temperature of the tour must be kept constant. I had at the very beginning of the fortnight lost control, and it needed a brilliant stroke indeed to win back supremacy. But I could not envisage such a stroke. I suspect that many defeated generals have fallen back on love as an escape from their predicament, and I was no exception. The American girl, Leonora, at once cast her silver chains over me, and all that I knew of Italy was hers. Hers and nobody else's. So it was not surprising that I made the second fatal mistake before the train reached Stresa. I completely forgot to allocate hotels, first and second-class; and as soon as all the clients had been deposited on the platform, luggage was whisked away indiscriminately, and more agonizing bedlam followed.

But all was not lost. The wayward wand of Italy always performs its own kind of careless magic; and in the morning, under a dancing sun, nearly all the tourists had forgotten the horrors of the night before. This should have been my cue to start hunting for a second-class girl. But I didn't. I stuck to Leonora, swimming with her on the private beach outside the huge, idyllic hotel, guiding her through the hideous palace on Isola Bella and, in Venice, mooning through the dappled canals by gondola. It was open rebellion against the code. Leonora was aware of this and began district-visiting in an eager American way, spending a lot of time in the second-class hotels where we nearly always ate our meals. But it was no good. 'Showing off, that's what she's up to,' I heard a woman say to her husband half-way across the Bridge of Sighs. Even the *maître d'hotel* at the Grand tried to convince me of my mistake. 'You'll regret this in Capri,' he said.

From now on the suspicious clients held me personally responsible for every disaster that happened. An old gentleman was run over in Rome, and I received threatening letters. It rained heavily in Capri, and I was cut dead. The train was an hour late returning to Venice, and there was a minor revolution at the railway station.

Even Yates's stock of jokes ran very low. At last on the day after our arrival in Venice, he told me he had seen Leonora leaving the room of the *maître d'hotel* at three o'clock in the morning. I did not speak to her again until we arrived back in Victoria Station.

'Please believe me,' she said, 'I did it entirely for you.'

That didn't stop getting me the sack.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Othello by Candlelight

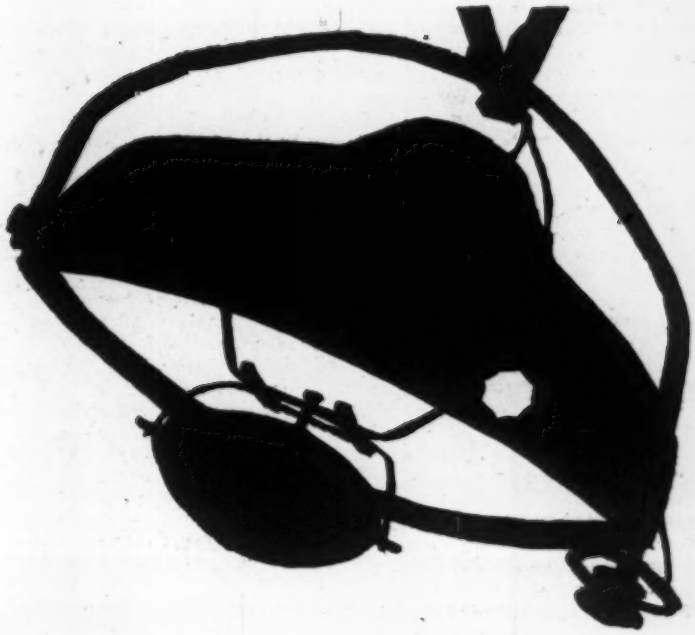
THERE are three more or less opposed contenders for the lead in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre's new production of *Othello*: Paul Robeson, Sam Wanamaker and the producer, Tony Richardson. Who gets the prize, of course, is not in doubt. Mr Robeson is, in every sense, a natural. He has an effortless dignity and power, a voice like a cathedral organ, over which he has complete control, and, even when silent and tucked away in one corner, a presence that dominates everything, including Mr Richardson's scarcely lit stage. Moreover, he has his own interpretation of the play, making it turn less on sexual jealousy than on a question of public honour. This means, Mr Robeson being the gigantic figure he is, that he somehow seems to shoulder the dignity of the whole Negro race. So he plays the tragedy with a seriousness of purpose that perhaps no other actor could command. I'm not sure his interpretation fits exactly with what Shakespeare wrote, but he makes all others seem trivial.

Given this natural weight of meaning and dignity in Mr Robeson's acting, it was unnecessary of the producer, and not wholly tactful, to chivvy him about the stage, cramp him on a tiny platform of a bedroom and make him rush a good many of his lines. Mr Richardson's intentions seemed at cross purposes with Mr Robeson's innate power; perhaps, too, with the play. I got the impression that Mr Richardson was almost embarrassed with the poetry and so had tried to stage the thing as though it had been written, the day before yesterday, in prose. He needn't have bothered; Shakespeare was perfectly able to write excellent dramatic prose of his own when that was the effect that he wanted; the play is full of it. Yet curiously enough, Mr Richardson seemed very concerned with a kind of visual poetry of his own making; the opening, the storm in Cyprus, the drinking scene, the murder of Roderigo were worked out with a peculiarly canny eye for the most striking effects. He hurried the actors through their lines so that he could spread himself interminably in these spectacular moments. And the more spectacular they were, the less the actors could, quite literally, shine. He is perhaps the first producer since the invention of gaslight to play the night scenes almost wholly with candles. The results were often extraordinary and the detail – cries, movement and glimmers of light – was worked out with immense care. But the actors often seemed hard put to it to get themselves even seen.

I do not want to be churlish: Mr Richardson's production was original and visually very exciting. He had drilled the minor parts to fit exactly into his peculiar brand of strained and intense realism – particularly Paul Hardwick's shocked, desolated Brabantio, Ian Holm's asthmatic Duke, and Peter Woodthorpe,* whose Roderigo was, for once, credible rather than merely silly. But there is something odd about a production that seems to strain against the main roles. For in another way entirely Mr Sam Wanamaker's Iago is also at odds with the rest of the play. Unlike Mr Robeson, Mr Wanamaker is far too prosaic in his approach. Granted, a good proportion of Iago's speeches are written in prose, but Mr Wanamaker delivers them all, prose and verse alike, with a uniform flatness. He does vary the pace a good deal – swinging between a delivery so fast that he is hardly understandable and moments when he e-nun-ci-ates ev-er-y syl-la-ble – but the emotional pressure of his acting is single throughout. This in itself would matter less if it hadn't made him cut down the character to such narrow proportions. His Iago is a military tough, splendid in his drinking and fighting, but lacking in that exacerbated intellectuality by which he enmeshes and destroys Othello in continual verbal trickery, and in the intense lasciviousness where he seems as much working himself up as the Moor.

Miss Ure's Desdemona was the best mediator between Mr Robeson and the producer. She was considerably harder than is usual and had none of the more tender domestic virtues that counterpoise Othello's dignity (the lines that give her them had, in fact, been cut). But by playing down the girl's meekness she managed to give the impression of a real marriage of another kind; she quarrelled, that is, as though she meant it, not like a honeymooner. This strength carried over into the Willow scene which, Mr Robeson's apart, was the best of the play. Miss Angela Baddeley backed her up with great warmth. But her Emilia was surprisingly genteel. Perhaps during the season some of Miss Ure's harshness will rub off on her. But all in all, it was Mr Robeson's evening. Not even the candlelight could obscure him.

Why Mr Richardson distrusts poetry as a dramatic medium was shown in the production of *Brand* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. So far this season the 59 Theatre Company has provided better drama than any other company in London. *Brand* is in the tradition they have established: it has been professionally produced only once before in England; and this second production shows why. *Brand* is, I am afraid, impossible. The play, which some of the experts call Ibsen's masterpiece, was written in rhymed octosyllabics, the metre of *Hudibras*. Mercifully, Mr Michael Meyer has translated it into a plain, lucid prose. But the thing still suffers from a kind of formal hangover. The actors gave it everything – and Patrick McGoohan, Dilys Hamlett, Patrick Wymark, Olive McFarland, Peter Sallis and Enid Lorrimer have an enormous amount to give—but they never quite managed to pierce the rhetorical barrier. For all their efforts, each speech seemed like a carefully planned set piece, coherent and moving enough in itself, but not quite related to anything else; in short, not quite human. But then, I suppose, *Brand* isn't concerned with human beings. Its business is with abstractions, symbols, ideas of good and evil. Brand himself is wholly inhuman, a ghastly figure of spiritual megalomania who sacrifices mother, child, wife and parish before he discovers God is Love and not Will-Power. Mr McGoohan, within the limits of his clipped 'carry-on-sergeant' delivery, does



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marvels with him. But Ibsen's character simply isn't a man at all. He is a destructive monster driven by willpower, egoism and pride. Mr Michael Elliott's direction was brisk and inventive and Richard Negri's scenery managed to imply immense landscapes with almost no props. Even so, the play came over far more as an essay than as a dramatic action. I couldn't help thinking that if only the Patient Agnes had upped and spat in her prig of a husband's eye there might have been a real dramatic situation. But it wouldn't have helped Ibsen's thesis.

Ghosts, on the other hand, is Ibsen's best play, largely because the 'message' has to fight it out with a complex of human relationships. At the Prince's, Flora Robson as Mrs Alving and Donald Wolfit as Pastor Manders play it for the incipient tenderness. Instead of the usual grim and fated savagery, the piece is now all gentle nostalgia, sadness and latter-day wisdom, mildly set off by the Pastor's mistimed good will and Oswald's sullenness – which, I think, Mr Ronald Lewis overdid. It is probably not the high-minded interpretation Ibsen intended, but with acting as beautifully conceived as Miss Robson's and Sir Donald Wolfit's there is no arguing.

A. ALVAREZ

Galileo and Palestrina

THE fortunate conjunction of a visit to the Berliner Ensemble's superb performance of Brecht's *Leben des Galilei* and then to the Düsseldorf Oper am Rhein for its new production of Pfitzner's *Palestrina* has reminded me again that a work of genius, about a genius, categorically demands a genius to play it. If Ernst Busch's enthralling and profoundly intelligent Galileo does not quite amount to a figure of genius – one hankers less for Laughton's original performance than for some idealised Orson Welles – it offers far more than perhaps anyone but Patzak could bring to the role of Palestrina. Unfortunately, Düsseldorf's Wilhelm Ernst is no Patzak, and he is a Palestrina only by virtue of a certain dignity of bearing. The voice is too limited in range and feeling to express either the idealism or the tragedy of Palestrina. Herr Ernst is continually overshadowed by Otto Wiener's admirable Kardinal Borromeo – whereas in Galileo, Busch is more than equal to the pervasive subtlety of Ernst-Otto Fuhrmann's Kardinal Barberini.

In the circumstances, it is hard to prevent a certain fusion between the overwhelming impressions of these two works – the opera by an embittered conservative living in 'a dark time', and the play by an embattled revolutionary living in a still darker one. The dialectical contradiction between the play and the opera is so exact that a certain unity seems to emerge from it. 'I am an old man, weary of life, at the end of a great epoch', sings Palestrina/Pfitzner: to which may be contrasted Galileo's cry 'Now we're breaking out, Andrea. For the old days are over, and this is a new age'. Galileo is already a man of mature years, yet he speaks to his son of 'us, the younger generation'. Not so with Palestrina. Thomas Mann, in his essay on the opera, points to its radical pessimism. Palestrina is inspired to write his masterpiece not by the world around him, but by the world of the dead. Pfitzner himself stressed the opera's role as a kind of negative epilogue to *Die Meistersinger*. Wagner ends his opera jubilantly, with 'an apotheosis of the New'. Pfitzner ends his with the hero sitting in half-darkness, meditating about the past and ignoring the cries of 'Evviva Palestrina!' from the crowd outside.

It is absurd to complain of the work's reminiscences of *Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*. The relationship is manifestly intended to contribute to the meaning. As Mann observes, Palestrina is set against Stolzing and Sachs, just as his son Ighino is set against David and the Mass against the Prize song. Yet the effect of the opera is very different from that of the poisonously reactionary pamphlets which Pfitzner wrote immediately after its completion. The pessimism of the libretto is wholly compensated by the consummate assurance of the music. It is typical of the positively creative side of Pfitzner's propagandising that when Ighino derides the 'contemptible polyphony' of the old style, the music answers with a magnificent profusion of counterpoint. One of the remarkable qualities of this score is its sturdy rejection of late-Romantic nostalgia. The rhythm, and particularly the harmonic rhythm, of the music is so palpably post-Wagnerian that one tends to expect an outburst of nineteenth-century chromaticism. But it never comes. The music acquires its force from a wonderfully clear and exhilarating diatonic dissonance. This is no cloak of austerity assumed for the occasion, but a fundamental aspect of Pfitzner's style. Not only does it recur in the fine Piano Quintet and the C sharp minor Quartet (whose scherzo is a tour de force of harmonic invention) but also in vocal works where the text might seem to indicate something quite different. The words of a song like the breathlessly tender *Schön Suschen* could provide an excuse for every kind of romantic indulgence, yet the music has the same 'withdrawn' quality we find in *Palestrine*. The use of church-modes in *Palestrina* is quite external to the work's air of spiritual refinement.

For all Pfitzner's dramatisation of himself as a refuge of tradition amidst the decadent hurly-burly of innovation, his art is curiously modern. The loneliness of the central figure ('Das Innerste der Welt ist Einsamkeit') is perhaps a characteristic Romantic attitude. Nonetheless, its embodiment in the music is acutely personal, and the dramatic working out is very much 'of our time'. The harmonic brutality with which the cries of 'Evviva Palestrina!' are 'cut' into Palestrina's meditation is an act of dissociation which would not have been possible in the nineteenth century. It is noteworthy that both Pfitzner's Palestrina and Brecht's Galileo should end by cutting themselves off from their fellow men: the one by an implicitly heroic contempt for the living world, the other by an explicit rejection of heroic attitudes. In spite of the fact that *Palestrina* purports to be a work of faith whereas *Galileo* is a work of inquiry, each concludes on a note of profound scepticism.

The Berliner Ensemble, with every justification, present *Galileo* as a tract for our nuclear time. By contrast, the propaganda aspect of *Palestrina* is no longer relevant, and we are fortunately free to consider it purely as a work of art. Düsseldorf has presented *Palestrina* in honour of a double anniversary. 5 May would have been Pfitzner's ninetieth birthday, and the tenth anniversary of his death falls 17 days later. The tribute has been rendered with dignity and integrity. If the difficult second act had been thoroughly worked out, and if the conductor had shown a truer feeling for Pfitzner's enormous harmonic and dynamic spans, the performance would have overcome inevitable deficiencies of casting.

Yet the strong impression which the work left on the audience is a measure of the success that has been achieved. If Düsseldorf can get this far with one of the masterpieces of operatic literature, it is disgraceful that England should get nowhere at all. The opera has never been staged here, and it must be very many years since even the

famous Preludes were performed in public. Nor must Pfitzner be regarded as a one-work composer. Apart from the other operas, whose neglect is probably justified, there is a considerable quantity of concert music, including some very fine songs, at least two major chamber works, and three concertos. But our first duty is to *Palestrina*. So far from being a lost cause, it may actually turn out to be a new-found cause: new, because the prejudices of the inter-war years now seem so very old, and the recent acceptance of Mahler in this country suggests that nothing which is musically worth while is irretrievable, even in England. '*Palestrina*', Professor Dent wrote 35 years ago, 'is an intolerably boring work. . . . Yet in spite of its appalling tediousness I went four times to see it, and would never miss an opportunity of seeing it again.' Dent's deliberately naughty paradox is, of course, intended to disarm. But it would be better for us if we could simply say that *Palestrina* is a very beautiful work. For it is just that.

DAVID DREW

The Critic's Lot

I WONDER why *The Critics* don't review television every week? The question of TV criticism came up briefly in *The Brains Trust* on Sunday: one brain suggested that it takes time for a new creative medium to develop a school of criticism; Norman Fisher referred in passing to the sheer quantity of the output. This is very much to the point (though the same is true of spring and autumn books): in an average week the dramatic critic may have to see two or three new plays – but this and every week, in the London region, the television programmes broadcast on the two channels number nearly 200 (and that's not counting short news-bulletins, advertising magazines, etc.). Many of these are repetitive in character, and too trivial to merit more than an occasional glance; but even those who review TV daily can cover only a small proportion of the new programmes, and of the regular ones that have to be watched. Perhaps there should be a new division of labour: dramatic critics might review plays on TV as well as on the stage (and two of *them* would have been needed on Tuesday last, when a Narizzano production on ITV coincided with Marghanita Laski's *The Offshore Island*, whose theme – the arrival of a party of Americans in an isolated English valley which has escaped contamination in a nuclear war – made it unmissable).

From the welter, pandemonium, or sludge of fifty hours or so a week on each channel, the critic can rescue only a few specimens, to praise or to deplore, which may or may not be typical. Untypical of the general mass though civilised discussion and visually exciting documentation may be, there has been a refreshing supply of them lately. Last Sunday's *Monitor*, for instance, was one of the best for months: three first-rate and well-contrasted items. One was a satirical exploration of hi-fi ('Is it a religion or a disease?'), kidding the BBC's own stereophonic effects. Two showed an elderly and an old man – one 61, one nearly 90 – with intellectual vitality undimmed. Paul Robeson, indeed, fairly bubbled with youthful potency as he expounded his theory of *Othello* to Al Alvarez, emphasising the jealousy less than the bewilderment of a stranger in an unfamiliar society (as if, he said, an English soldier were to marry a Malayan girl and have to cope with a Malayan Iago). Best of all was an American interview with Frank Lloyd Wright, recorded shortly before his death. It was fascinating to hear from those thin old lips that the name of his own famous house, Taliesin, was Welsh: it means Shining Brow. (You build on the brow because 'if you build on top of a hill you lose the hill'.) I hadn't realised that Wright invented the word 'streamline', and indirect lighting, and the corner-window – this in an attempt to 'destroy the box' because 'the box is a Fascist symbol'. Alas, 'the corner-window went around the world', but it became 'just a window, not a release'.

Africa was discussed in both religious programmes on Sunday, Michael Scott confounding his interrogators on the BBC with such serene paradoxes as 'One breaks the law because one has respect for it: rather than acquiesce in this injustice, I prefer to accept the penalties provided by the law'. Lord Boothby, Joe Alsop and Han Suyin were a little too noisily argumentative in a *Small World* on China, Han Suyin erupting (against Alsop) in another paradox: 'You really "recognise" China because you are obsessed and hallucinated by it'. Dame Edith Sitwell saw *The Book Man* out with a bang, recalling to Mervyn Levy the squalor of Wyndham Lewis's studio: 'The mice used to loll against the furniture and stare at the sitters in the most insolent manner'.

TOM DRIBERG

Master of Freedom

BY the time I met Frank Lloyd Wright he was already eighty-four or eighty-five, still dapper, though he had begun to look as if he needed new king-pins and bushes; short, arrogant and opinionated as ever, constantly repeating himself in an old blown-out voice like a retired actor's. In spite of the mid-western accent, his oracular tone and surviving mane of hair had a distinct air of the Welsh nut about them – one couldn't help suspecting that the bardic act was cultivated.

But in spite of all that, and in the teeth of the Walt Whitman fans, I would say that he is probably America's greatest, most original, and most American contribution to Western culture. He was one of that kind of wild provincial genius that the end of the nineteenth century produced in unexpected places, genius whose strength lay in its provinciality – Wright in Chicago, Gaudi in Barcelona, Mackintosh in Glasgow. Only Wright had staying power, and he was riding the tide of a world that was shortly to be taken over by provincials – Henry Ford, the Wright Brothers, Marconi. Even as Chicago dropped him, the rest of the world discovered him. Two books and an exhibition in Berlin, one much reprinted essay called 'In the Cause of Architecture', the advocacy of men as diverse as C. R. Ashbee and H. P. Berlage – these showed a way out of the turbulence of the pioneer decades and a road toward a twentieth-century style.

Whatever we finally decide are his great buildings and his good buildings, we know already which are his historically important buildings: Unity Temple and the Robie House, which showed how to master rectangular space as an endless continuum, rather than the contents of a box; the Larkin building, where the functions and furnishings of a modern office block were given machine-age form for the first time; the Isabel Roberts house, that bridges the gap from picturesque free planning to functional free planning. These works, all completed before 1914, left their imprint on the minds of the great generation of modernists – Sant'Elia, Mendelsohn, Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Oud.

For, in spite of his intensely personal approach, and paternalistic attitude to his students, and in

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spite of his expressed contempt for it, International Modern Architecture as a whole is his true disciple, not those who have actually passed through his hands as pupils at the Taliesins. Indeed, his real impact was on Europe, and thus on the world, before 1920.

This is not to say that the last forty years have been wasted. In spite of set-backs and personal tragedies he probably built more, and more varied, buildings in that time than Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier together, culminating in the Guggenheim Museum in New York, finished a few weeks before his death. But those last decades have been a period of splendid, almost Michelangelesque, isolation, in which, it seems, he has been more admired and less understood than ever before.

REYNER BANHAM

The Passionate Cinema

IT might be Anna Magnani, or Valentino, or an inquiry into the importance of the back rows in British courtship; but in fact it's the title given by the National Film Theatre to their season of Swedish films which began in March and continues till July.

Passion here (could it be psychosis?) has a national tinge. There is influence of Strindberg, of German silent films, the effect of neutrality in two wars – none productive of calm nerves; and then architecture and glassware have been a shade too bland, and the sea's what you make it. I can't say I warm to all this, or that I was particularly sorry to miss (through *malaise* of my own) the first couple of films in which passion was warming up. The lure of this season is that it will present a number of films by Ingmar Bergman never before seen in this country, including *Prison, Thirst, Summer Interlude, Waiting Women*, and *A Lesson in Love*. Bergman is the rare flower of the Swedish hot-house, and we should end the summer with some appreciation of his talent. Now, as a foretaste, he enters as script-writer to Gustav Molander's *Woman Without a Face*.

The films are being taken in chronological order. *Woman Without a Face* is dated 1947, early Bergman but three years later than *Frenzy*; and already some of his preoccupations are active. There's an Onlooker: a young novelist who has just finished a novel, and is enjoying a drink in the hotel bar, where Life barges in with a friend who is leaving his wife for a destructive charmer. Her mother's lover had given her, in the stuffy fittings of a town flat, the woodshed treatment. Soon she and the aberrant husband plunge into the very ecstasy of love, from which murder or suicide seems the only way out. Vein-cutting, the bath spilling over, call-up and desertion, New Year shared on a couch of sacks high in some warehouse attic, partings at dark termini, with the other woman's traditional stance behind a pillar: it may seem conventionally the sin and sanctitude of passion, with sin getting the best lines and scenes. Gustav Molander takes advantage both of the melodrama and of camera possibilities. It wallows and starts up, the flashbacks keep us waiting over-long. But it *does*, thanks to Bergman, excite. Heaven-and-Hell is already on the prowl in him; enticement beckons; doom breaks; flesh, blood, nerves and ham startle us, especially in the manœuvres of Anita Björk in the chief part.

Compulsion (Carlton), with its Hitchcockian title, resurrects the Leopold-Loeb murder. It comes from a novel, with names changed, and barely hints at the intellectual intoxication involved. Despite good performances by Dean Stockwell and Bradford Dillman, the tensions are of the more obvious kind till Orson Welles's appearance as defending counsel. His masterly staging of Clarence Darrow's anti-hanging appeal quite alters the climate, so that we go out more concerned with the boys' future than ever we were with their past. The director, David Fleischer, deserves our gratitude for this splendid surprise, in the cause of humanity.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Sugar in the Morning, at the Royal Court
The Green Years, at the Playhouse, Oxford

Sugar in the Morning has all the qualities of a good play, except one. It deals with real people, the denizens of a northern boarding-house, who make love, quarrel and burn the toast, run out of shillings for the meter and paper for the lavatories. They are witty without showing off, inconsequential and touching without being fey, and concerned with the ordinary running difficulties of life: marriage, boredom, jobs and kids. The acting is excellent, particularly Miss Margaret Johnston's scatty, fading landlady and Frank Finlay, a bored, errant and finally abandoned husband. William Gaskill, the director, moves the thing along without wasted effort, and uses the open-cast set with ingenuity. The author, Donald Howarth, has an accurate ear for the rhythms of common speech. But alas, he has used the Ionesco franchise: *i.e.*, he has given his play everything except a plot. There is, perhaps, a vague drift of a sequence: a Scottish doctor tries, in his commonsensical way, to get his landlady to face up to life; when she responds by falling in love with him, he panics and leaves. But the dramatic situation doesn't develop until five minutes before the end and Mr Howarth picks it up only to drop it again immediately. The social realism, in short, is a substitute for drama, almost a contemporary version of the old drawing-room comedy.

The Green Years is a little piece of froth about a group of adolescents left to their own devices. To get a reaction out of one of the young men, the girls invent a lover. And lo and behold, he comes to life. The play takes two paralysingly slow acts to get moving, during which it passes from an A. A. Milne romp to another of those sensitive studies of adolescence. But Miss Perlita Nielson manages to imply a real depth to the fey little wiseacre who almost commits suicide. And Miss Joanna Dunham reconciles an extraordinary resemblance to the Bardot with an ability to act. Miss Ruth Meyers, as the one thread of sanity in the tangle, made the most of the tiny chance she was given, while the young men, Clifford Elkin and Charles Laurence, were suitably brash and gawky. Only John Turner, the intruder, seemed a bit outside all the commotion. But one can hardly blame him for that.

A. A.

Clara Haskil, at the Royal Festival Hall

If Clara Haskil's performance of Mozart's A major concerto K. 488 last Thursday was any indication of the worth of her two previous concerto performances – and by all accounts it was – then London has indeed been fortunate. On this occasion, Mme Haskil was accompanied by the young conductor Andre Vandernoot, and it was perhaps inevitable that there should be a certain disparity of achievement between solo and accompaniment. Thus Mme Haskil's re-expositions could hardly fail to be a practical criticism of the orchestral expositions. At the same time, one must recognise the extraordinarily acute and chamber-musical quality of *her* accompanying where the music calls for it: the extreme attention with which she follows the orchestra in unison doublings matches the powerful assertions of her solo work. There are moments when her solo responses to the tutti begin a little too assertively, resulting, for example, in over-stressed syncopations. But in general there is an astonishing control, and the way in which she solves the problems inherent in the compound intervals of the adagio's texture is as characteristic of her sensitivity as is the dry warmth of her playing in more brilliant passages.

D. D.

"Quite likely to be one of the chief literary discoveries of recent years."
N.Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW.

Shirley Ann Grau, author of 'The Hard Blue Sky'

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETING
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Community Centre 23 April 8 p.m.
DR. D. G. ARNOTT

Further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 143, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Correspondence

OPINION AND THE BOMB

SIR,—I agree entirely with Terence Heelas's analysis of the way opinion on nuclear weapons is moving in general, and among Labour voters in particular. I would add that whereas Labour voters are now evenly divided, Labour Party members, who are more politically conscious and active, are more to the left, i.e. the majority are for unilateral renunciation. When we come to the individual members in the constituency parties, who do nearly all the active work at elections, the overwhelming majority are already against the H-bomb, as the voting at Scarborough showed. The Aldermaston-London march showed not only how the Nuclear Disarmament movement is growing, but also that this is the issue which attracts youth.

These are the domestic political reasons why Labour's leaders should think again about the Party's official attitude to the H-bomb. But there are international political and military developments as well that make 'agonising reappraisal' imperative:

1. Soviet rocket developments have knocked the bottom out of the strategy of 'the great deterrent'. In the words of Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery (24 October): 'In the event of Russian aggression with conventional forces, do you believe that the West would use its nuclear deterrent as a weapon against the cities of Russia, and receive in return Russian retaliation which would put the United Kingdom and the United States out of business? For us to act in this way would be to commit national suicide. I do not believe that it will happen'. *The Times* defence correspondent (15 October) also pointed out that 'The Government's policy of threatening to resort to nuclear weapons against an attack with conventional arms was credible so long as the West had an overwhelming superiority in nuclear weapons and America remained virtually invulnerable. These conditions no longer exist'. He drew the conclusion that 'For

Britain this means that we shall have to stop relying on the American nuclear deterrent to deter aggressions that do not directly involve American territory', and that 'for Britain to make such threats on her own . . . is quite unrealistic, for her vulnerability is patent to everyone'.

The party must insist that Labour's leaders state that Labour categorically opposes Britain using nuclear weapons first in any circumstances. I hope there will be an annual conference resolution on that.

2. Labour is already committed to suspending work on rocket bases unilaterally, pending a Summit conference. That must now include the underground bases for the Blue Streak missile, and so work on the missile itself, which would be useless without bases.

But if the Summit conference fails because of American and not Soviet opposition to Labour's proposals, it would be unreasonable to start building rocket bases against the USSR. And if we oppose using nuclear weapons first, and will not have the modern methods of delivering them (i.e. rockets), it is militarily crazy to say we must possess nuclear weapons in order to use them 'last', by the obsolete method of a force of bomber planes.

In short, either Labour goes back on our own official positions, all the way back to the midsummer madness of Duncan Sandys, or we go forward to unilateral renunciation. At present Labour is dwelling in a half-way house that makes the worst of both worlds. We have a foreign policy that assumes the Soviet Union wants peace and a defence policy that assumes the USSR wants war.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

SCIENCE AND POPULATION

SIR,—On reading Professor Bernal's letters (14 March and 7 April) curiosity made me refer to Professor Hoyle's book *Man and Materialism*. Briefly I find this.

In Professor Bernal's earlier letter: 'Short of war, the population curve will not change abruptly and is now fairly certain to pass the five billion mark by the end of the century and is unlikely to settle down, if ever, at much under ten billion'. In his later letter: 'In my book, *World without War*, I estimated a tailing off of growth so that a stable population of 10,000 million would be reached about the year 2100'.

In Professor Hoyle's book: 'When in 50 years' time the productivity of the marginal lands becomes a vital necessity to support, at starvation level, a world population of 4,000 million . . . Again. 'The slope of the population curve must tail off in some such fashion as I have indicated in Figure 3. The word *must* is unqualified'. (This figure indicates a tailing off at 6,000 million about the year 3000.)

Dimly I may have missed something. However, in spite of qualifying phrases, there does seem to be significant disagreement after allowing for error in these somewhat tricky predictions. Is this disagreement valid scientifically? Can it be due to the fact that neither of these scientists is a biologist? Can it, on the other hand, be because objectivity is being influenced by adherence to some politico-economic doctrine? This is a depressing thought. It seems unfortunate that closer agreement cannot apparently be reached by senior scientists who should give the lead and who put their views in print.

PAUL HOLLIDAY

Commonwealth Mycological Institute
Kuching, Sarawak

SIR,—Lawrence Murfitt invites us to contemplate huge numbers of coolies doing the work of one bulldozer; the suggestion is that the driver could enjoy the combined earnings of all the coolies, if only they had never been born.

Unfortunately, this popular cliché of thought assumes that the bulldozer is presented free of charge by a grateful providence, in return for vigorous limitation of families. Machines have to be paid for in terms of foreign exchange, skilled labour and war on other machines that make them. Moreover, they are inflexible (bulldozers don't climb stairs) and require large-scale production to pay for themselves. To an engineer, it is a constant surprise how competitive even an unskilled navvy is, even in this country; how much more so where labour is cheaper and machinery costs the earth.

Mr Murfitt's argument is the inverse of the usual trade union fears that machines will replace men in the economy. But this is true only locally and in the short run. As Le Gros Clark points out, the time factor is all important: in the long run, more men will build more machines and further increase productivity by further division of labour. Therefore, while no civilised government would wish to interfere with every family's right and ability to limit its progeny, the Malthusian argument can apply only to a society with limited resources; so far, the world's proved resources have expanded faster than its population.

E. G. SEMLER
Editor

Automation Progress
9 Eden Street, NW1

CHANGE OF SEX

SIR,—I am astonished that Critic, who is usually so well informed, should accept the journalistic delusion of change of sex. There is no example known to medical science of a true change from a man to a woman or vice versa. This is not surprising, since our sex penetrates through to our bones—for example, a prehistoric skeleton some ten thousand years old could easily be diagnosed as that of a man or woman. To change sex would mean altering our whole physique down to our bones.

The so-called sex changes are the result of (1) a mistake at birth due to immature or malformed external sexual characteristics. In some cases it is impossible to say, without microscoping the sex glands, what is the sex of the child. Such cases may include hermaphrodites in which a male gland is present on

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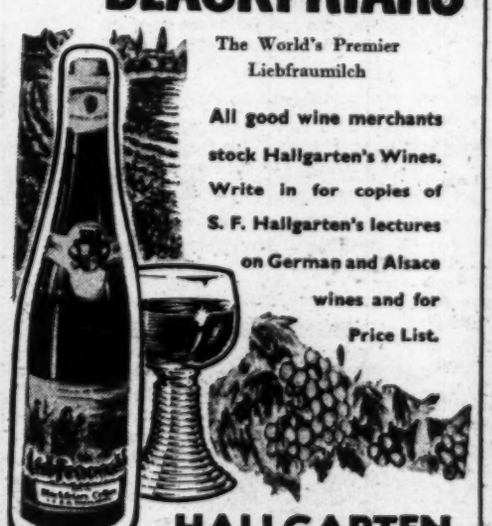

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one side and a female on the other, or (2) homosexuals or transvestists (those who wish to wear clothes of the opposite sex) who are also transexualists and want to change their sex.

In the past enthusiastic surgeons have operated on those suffering from transexualism, treated them with hormones and so on. The result has been a mutilated human being but not a change of sex.

It is interesting to note that there is no legal definition of male and female. A practical one is that a male is a person who, other things being equal, is able to fertilise a woman, and a woman is one who, other things being equal, is able to be fertilised and bear a child. However, inquiries which I made of the Registrar General as to whether this definition was acceptable to him were not even answered, so legally no one knows whether he is a man or a woman!

CLIFFORD ALLEN

148 Harley Street, W1

IS CHASTITY OUTMODED?

SIR,—Surely if 'Undergraduate' is left in disturbing physical and emotional turmoil he is being unjust in blaming Dr Chesser for it. If the pressures existing in university life make it difficult for him to maintain his 'integrity', then he must leave for milder surroundings. In any case, I should think spiritual and psychological reasons for retaining chastity until marriage were arrived at largely to avoid physical and emotional turmoil.

'Undergraduate' too easily accepts the 'Go on, you're young, what's it matter' line of thought as being a valid argument against unchastity. Numerous magazine articles and weekly advice columns exert a pressure upon us to make us believe that this attitude is the only one to take once chastity has been abandoned. We live in a permissive society, yet few have ventured to suggest that a pre-marital relationship might be something to take seriously instead of something to be regarded as an irresponsibility. It cannot be wondered that with this encouragement of an attitude of irresponsibility many young couples succeed in building up a store of unhappiness for themselves and others.

As one of those who, as Dr Chesser says, found a premarital relationship 'more than ordinarily pleasant' and which, after two years, culminated in marriage, I ask myself what the difference would have been had I remained chaste. I don't know—though physical and emotional conflict was absent. Perhaps, after six years of marriage and three of parenthood, 'Undergraduate' will be equally lacking in certainty as to what purpose his retention of chastity really served.

Q

SW13

MENTAL HEALTH BILL

SIR,—This Bill represents a considerable advance in existing legislation but some of its provisions are retrograde in character because it does not recognise that severe mental illness necessitating the removal of a person from the community can never be regarded as a purely medical matter and because in it, a 'certified' patient is still regarded as though he were a criminal.

Under the Bill a patient can be detained in hospital on the certification of medical practitioners only. Such detention involves the loss of many of the patient's civil liberties and it is surely wrong that any group of people within society should have the right to restrict a person's civil liberties without the agreement of a representative of the state. Under the 1890 Act, the onus in law for the certification of the patient lies upon the magistrate who calls a medical practitioner to his aid—a much healthier state of affairs from the point of view of the body politic than the Bill's proposals under which two doctors are able to authorise a patient's detention. Detention in a hospital can never be a purely medical condition and should not be left in the hands of the doctors.

Equally, the doctors on the staff of a hospital should not be concerned in the giving of certificates which authorise a patient's detention in that hospital. This strikes at the root of the doctor/patient relationship. At the present time a patient brought into hospital under Section 21a of the Lunacy Act can, if the need arises, be certified by a medical practitioner coming into the hospital from outside. This is a much healthier state of affairs than allowing certification to be carried out by a member of the hospital staff.

It has always seemed wrong to me that the periodical re-certification of long-stay patients in hospitals should be carried out by doctors on the staff of the hospital and my feeling is that the hospital staffs should have nothing at all to do with either the initial certification or re-certification of a patient in a mental hospital. There should be a central department under the Lord Chancellor whose medical staff would have the duty of going from hospital to hospital re-certifying patients when necessary.

Another valuable safeguard which has been lost under the Mental Health Bill is the annual visit to all mental hospitals of one legal and one medical Commissioner of the Board of Control. Each patient has the right to ask for a private interview with the Commissioners, a right which is not adequately covered by the Mental Health Tribunal machinery of the Bill and it appears that the Mental Health Tribunals are going to be too remote from the patients they seek to protect. Every person detained in a mental hospital should have the right to be seen personally as a matter of routine by someone unconnected with the hospital at, say, yearly intervals.

I doubt whether it is necessary to have the provisions in the Bill relating to the offences committed by anyone aiding and abetting the escape of a detained patient or those relating to perjury in relation to the completion of certificates under the Bill. These provisions smack of the penal code, not health legislation.

Generally, the Bill seems to make very heavy weather of the position of a detained patient and does, I think, make the position of such a patient worse than it is at the present time.

A. U. SPENCER
Medical Superintendent

Powick Hospital
Worcester.

COMMUNISTS AND THE ETU

SIR,—In your editorial columns on 11 April you refer to the tactical advantage gained by the Communist leadership of the Electrical Trades Union, who, by clever timing of the 'trials', had prevented any discussion on the issues raised by the cases of Mr Cannon, Mr Young and Mr Sullivan for at least three months. If this were true it would, of course, prevent any discussion of these issues at the forthcoming policy conference of the ETU.

This no doubt is the kind of interpretation which the ETU leaders would like to place on the rules, and probably will do at the conference. It is, however, erroneous.

The appropriate rule is Rule 38, Clause 10, which reads:

'when a member is charged with any offence under these rules that member shall not be entitled to make any complaint or charge against any other member arising out of or in connection with the first charge. . . .'

Any member in the conference is perfectly entitled to raise any matter relevant to the issues involved. Indeed, the three above-mentioned members are fully entitled to discuss the issues involved in their cases. How else could they advocate their appeal under the appeals machinery? The only thing the three members are not permitted to do is to lodge a formal complaint on which an official counter-charge is based until the appeal against the penalty arising from their own charge is exhausted. This does not, however, prevent any member of the union, other than Mr Young, laying a charge against Mr Haxell or any other Communist member of the Executive Council based on the case set out in Mr Young's letter to you on 9 August 1958.

TRADE UNIONIST

APPEALS FOR AFRICA

SIR,—The British public is becoming increasingly conscious of the pressing problems with which the Africans have to contend; an attitude Africans at home and abroad would certainly appreciate. Most important of all, one of the actions that calls for serious consideration in Britain so far, is the question of the multiplicity of the current appeals for funds on behalf of Africans.

In your issues of March 21 and 28, there appeared different appeals for fund in aid of the present crisis in Central Africa. In both issues we observe that certain sponsors support both appeals. But looking at it from the African point of view, we feel that co-ordination of activities for such appeals is very necessary and urgent. For example, Christian Action as far as is known has been active in seeking aid for the legal defence and maintenance of the families of African detainees since 1946, whereas the Africa Bureau was founded in 1952 although it seeks the same aid.

In the circumstances one would have thought that the latter could have co-operated with the former in establishing a central fund instead of having two separate funds for the same purpose.

W. D. COLLEY
S. OMUBO

The African Forum
27 Red Lion Street
WC1

NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—The Youth Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament wishes to invite any readers of the NEW STATESMAN under the age of 25, who supported the Aldermaston to London March, to a meeting at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1, on Friday 24 April, at 6.30, to discuss future activities.

GILES TAYLOR
TONY RICHARDSON

National Youth Campaign
for Nuclear Disarmament
143 Fleet Street
EC4

'What an exhilarating gale of a book'

IN DEEP

by FRANK BAINES

Walter Allen:
'A magical evocation . . . He is a born writer, a natural lord of language.'

The Times:
'Very remarkable and original . . . capable equally of humour and great beauty. It is strong and lyrical, full of flavour and character.'

Manchester Guardian:
'. . . the exuberant sea-surge of the Bainesian personality . . .'

The Times Literary Supplement:
'He is unquestionably a brilliant reporter: if, as Whitman believed, poetry is a sharing of significant experience, he is a poet.'

Evening Standard:
'He enters the front ranks of writers about the sea.'

Daily Mail:
'A great glare of colour and vigour.'

Oxford Mail:
'What an exhilarating gale of a book this is . . . His prose leaps from the pensive and lyrical to the bawdy and blasphemous.' 21s

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Towards a Decent Respect

EVERY time a book on Lawrence is published, someone or other is insulted. And there have been, so far, over 800 books on the man. As for the articles: no one, to my knowledge, has ever counted them up. Qualified and unqualified, admirers and detractors, everyone who met him sooner or later says his say about Lawrence. His personal myth has absorbed nearly all the interest; friends, enemies and general reading public, his work, his theories and his life itself, have suffered for it.

The myth is simply that of genius: 'they were always telling me I had got genius, as if to console me for not having their own incomparable advantages'. Lawrence was right; the label 'genius' was a sleight of hand which spared the *littérateurs* the trouble of taking him, not seriously, but directly. For the popular fiction of a genius is, after all, always of a creature apart, someone imaginatively unpredictable, whose insights, for all their uncanny depth, are never much concern of ours. In Lawrence's early days, when the Russian fever was raging, genius meant Dostoevsky, with his queer, strained intuitions into the nature of hysteria, disintegration and the Slavic soul. By most counts, Lawrence was quite as alien: he was a miner's son who wrote brilliantly without the 'inestimable advantages' of a Public-School-University education; he offended the respectable by running away with a married woman; he offended class distinctions because the woman was also a Baronin; he pooh-poohed Bloomsbury-Cambridge intellectualism ('He sniffed. "Have you ever seen him in a bathing dress?" he asked. "Poor Bertie Russell! He is all Disembodied Mind!"'); he was technically original, yet had no hand in the American-Irish experimentalism; he lived off his writing without ever being beholden to the literary world; two of his most important novels were banned (*Lolitas* come and go, but *Lady Chatterley* still has to be smuggled through the Customs like dope) and his paintings were almost burned by the police; in his later years he was the prey of cultists and middle-aged vampires; the critics, to a man, misunderstood him. 'No one,' said E. M. Forster, 'who alienates both Mrs Grundy and Aspatia can hope for a good obituary press'. It has taken over thirty years for some kind of balance to be restored. If the mark of genius is alienation and lack of intelligent recognition, Lawrence is the genius to end them all.

The bickering ghosts have at last been laid by Mr Edward Nehls, whose huge work, *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography**, is at last complete. It is an extraordinary and original piece of literary history, perhaps the most creative thing of its kind since Lowes's *The Road to Xanadu*. Mr Nehls has gathered up every scrap of evidence about Lawrence. He has sifted biographies, memoirs, fictional portraits, broadcasts, diaries, letters and essays. He has unearthed new letters by Lawrence, a fragment of an unpublished novel, photographs, and a mound of new material about 'Miriam', including one of her stories. He has gone round to everyone who ever met Lawrence and wheedled reminiscences from them, following Lawrence from his childhood – 'The people of Eastwood,' announced one of the miners, 'do not make a fuss over him' – to New Mexico and Australia. He has transcribed the Parliamentary backchat about the various bannings, the scandalised headlines and scandalising muck-spreading of the journalists. He has even ploughed through the obituaries. To all this he has added a huge glossary of the lives of everyone who ever had anything to do with Lawrence, a bibliography and a list of major first editions. Mr Nehls himself has kept scrupulously out of the picture. The vast welter of material is linked by Lawrence's own account of his life, as he told it in his letters. But the massive coherence and thoroughness of the work is entirely the editor's. No doubt Lawrence would have hated it, but I think Mr Nehls, in his devoted, scholarly way, has a touch of genius himself.

His greatest step towards fairness and balance is in winkling comments from the non-professionals. For Lawrence never got on with his fellow-writers. The older ones he suspected of condescension – 'let them learn decent respect' – with young admirers he was patient but overborne – 'you know what a depressing effect admirers have on me – I want to die'. But with his contemporaries the cycle of friendship was depressingly regular: mutual enthusiasm; then gradual disillusionment as Lawrence worked down to the bedrock of disagreement; in the end, he would crystallise his antagonism in fiction. The friendship would rarely survive publication, and hardly any of his 'friends' resisted the chance of paying him back after he was dead. The only professional writers to come out with clean slates are Catherine Carswell, Rhys Davies, E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley and, in his grudging way, Richard Aldington.

So it is the non-professional writers who restore the balance. They have no axes to grind, no scores to pay back, and above all no public personalities to maintain. They describe Lawrence as a man rather than as a butt for their own private intensities. For each opinion on one side Mr Nehls has dug out someone who said the opposite; and the opinions range from the colour of his eyes to the colour of his politics.

The contradictions, of course, have their place. There are four stages in Lawrence's 'savage pilgrimage'. The schoolmaster who appeared in the office of the *English Review* was still a bit of a 'mard-arsed kid': literary, priggish (*The Trespasser* is an intensely priggish variation on the theme of romantic free love) and ambitious for a mythical two thousand a year. 'He was a terrific snob,' said Rachel Annand Taylor, 'he was definitely a cad, yet . . . he was touching, he was so artlessly trying to find his way'. But the prig didn't survive his mother's death. He went off with Frieda and found himself having to face the responsibility not only for her carelessness but for her immense freedom and sense of life. By writing *Sons and Lovers* he fought himself clear of his lacerating mother-love and was free to move on to his most original work, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. But the war started, *The Rainbow* was banned, and the police chased him from Cornwall. In *Women in Love* an exotic darkness is setting in; Dr Leavis called it 'jargon'. It was heightened by his steady lack of impersonal, intelligent criticism. The third stage, the wander years, began at the end of the war. When Lawrence broke with England, he broke with form. Compared with his earlier novels, *The Lost Girl* and *Aaron's Rod* are haphazard in their development. The further Lawrence went from his English roots, the more his cults, the dark gods and blood consciousness grew. In *Kangaroo*, *The Boy in the Bush* and *The Plumed Serpent* the prophet is continually getting the upper hand of the artist. The final stage came when Lawrence returned from Mexico. It was a period of new lucidity, when the imminence of his death sharpened his sense of life till it almost hurt. He wrote his calmest, most tender novels, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *The Virgin and the Gipsy*.

In the whole cycle, his life and his work interact continually. There is small difference between his imaginative prose style and his letters; and the letters, apparently, sounded exactly as he spoke. The man, in Lawrence's case, was the style. It is this that made for the uncanny hold he had over people. It had nothing to do with the cult of alien genius. All that weight of prophecy, the discipleship of those battling, vindictive women, the nagging about the dark gods, blur the main issue: Lawrence's genius was above all for life, not for hysteria.

What now seems prophetic about him is not the prophecies but his carelessness, a certain iconoclastic vitality, toughness, gaiety and commonsense that kept both him and his work alive. He was, above all, a free man and, despite his occasional bursts of class-consciousness, he seems now classless. Perhaps the oddest thing about Mr Nehls's three volumes is the amount of time spent wrangling about how much, how little, or simply if, Lawrence was a gentleman. It colours both physical descriptions of the man – 'He was the type of the plumber's mate who goes back to fetch the tools' (David Garnett) – and critical judgments – 'Scholars and men of the world (*sic*) will not find much inspiration in these novels. Lawrence opened a little window for the bourgeoisie. That is his life-work' (Norman Douglas). It is all about as wise and meaningful as the U-non-U controversy. Lawrence was neither a gentleman nor an upstart because he judged success in terms of human and artistic integrity, not in terms of position. He said so himself, in an autobiographical fragment, discovered by Mr Nehls:

> In 1915 *The Rainbow* was suppressed for immorality – and the sense of detachment from the bourgeois world, the world which controls press, publication and all, became almost complete. He had no interest in it, no desire to be at one with it. Anyhow the suppression of *The Rainbow* had proved it impossible. Henceforth he put away any idea of 'success', of succeeding

* *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*. By EDWARD NEHLS. *University of Wisconsin Press*. 3 vols. $7.50 each.

with the British bourgeois public, and stayed apart.

The trick of birth, temperament and censorship which pushed him outside the society of his time has made him in some way typical of ours. (The censorship, incidentally, was helped out by the artistic as well as the legal guardians of the country, as Frieda's daughter points out:

> I sent a telegram therefore to Osbert Sitwell, who was in London: 'Discobole, Paris, propose filming Lawrence novel. May we inspect Renishaw Hall?' To this he replied, 'If you refer banned book *Lady Chatterley's Lover* your request gross as it is libellous'.)

Like Lawrence, the artist in contemporary mass-society is foot-loose, self-sufficient and, in a way, threatened – he worked under the shadow of his illness; the modern artist works under that of total war. He is more concerned with the roots of his personality than with his conforming social shell. The details, too, fit: from doing his own housework to the slangy irreverent style, which now reads more naturally than all that fine, sensitive writing that was once called Style.

'All you young writers,' he once said, 'have me to thank for what freedom you enjoy, even as things are, for being able to say much that you couldn't even hint at before I appeared. It was I who set about smashing down the barriers.' By and large, he was right. And now Mr Nehls has got rid of the final barrier: the recriminations, apologies, enthusiasms and malice that make up the myth of Lawrence. Now, perhaps, after thirty years' bickering, we can let the man rest in peace and get back to what matters: his work.

A. ALVAREZ

What it was like to be there at

DAWN OF D-DAY

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'The fearsome confusion of front-line fighting as seen through the eyes of sailors, soldiers and airmen of both sides. **In no other book I have read is the atmosphere of these days so vividly and truly portrayed.'**

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Collins

An Unfortunate Incident

Having built the maze of words, stones, trees,
(Instructive and Entertaining) who is it comes
paying admission but a sea-stained gentleman
with yards of knitting wool tied to his thumbs.

Perhaps he'll retrace his steps when he sees the
children
(In Charge Of Adults), the youths and the
giggling girls.
But, No! He smiles with quiet confidence,
limps through the wicket and starts to pay out his
wool.

I would not for the world have let this happen.
Already the lovers' seat at the centre has changed
and the children are growing frightened. Even
the adults
are talking of getting back for their tea and scones.

It's too late now to think of refusing him entry,
(The Management Reserves the Right, of course).
He's found
the trick of that final turning. Something is
waiting.
It isn't at all the sort of thing I'd planned.

My little problem once had quite a different
answer –
a small lawn, a seat for the lovers, – but *he* had to
come . . .
and go (as I see he is doing now, composedly),
winding the yards of red wool back on his thumbs.

ROBIN SKELTON

On Mr Turnell's Ground

The Art of French Fiction. By MARTIN TURNELL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

Where the French novelists – and dramatists – differ from those of all other countries is in their nerve. The French believe, as Mr Turnell says in this sequel to his *The Novel in France*, that all states of mind and emotion can be, indeed must be, completely analysed. It is a unique and strenuous achievement. The note of interrogation which the Russians and even ourselves find indispensable is by them rarely forgiven. Firm, even closed, ground, strongly held, is therefore an advantage to the critic of the French novelists, and this Mr Turnell certainly stands on. He is a sensitive and erudite conservative who works by a policy of reluctant concession; there are other novelists besides Madame Lafayette, Stendhal and Proust, but they have to be borne with. And so in this excellent volume we find him engaged, against his principles, by l'Abbé Prévost and telling us there are other novels to read besides *Manon Lescaut*; re-reading Zola and discovering three novels of 'enormous talent' – *L'Assomoir*, *Germinal* and *La Terre*; reducing Gide, who has, of course, the bad luck to be a Protestant; writing off Maupassant who has the levity to write short stories; and going into the question of the irreligion and violence of the modern Catholic novelists, in particular Mauriac. I am far from sharing Mr Turnell's chosen ground, but he is a most penetrating and saturated critic and, occasional sportive lapses apart, an illuminating writer.

What is the chosen ground? It can be suggested by some remarks that occur in the essay on the religious difficulty in Mauriac. We have lost the heroic conception of man which emerged with the Renaissance, and since then the concept has gradually been in disintegration until today we have no faith in man at all.

> All good art must necessarily be the expression of an individual sensibility, but in the Middle Ages religion imposed the pattern; the individual expressed himself within a well-defined framework. In the seventeenth century the emphasis shifts from intelligence to sensibility, from the collective to the personal experience. One of the main authors of the change was Pascal. His appeal lies in the fact that he is an artist rather than a thinker. It is this that makes him a dangerous example. He is the source of the contagious religious unrest which has caused such havoc among eminent men of letters in the twentieth century. . . . I do not think that it is an exaggeration to describe him as a poisoned source. Since Pascal religion no longer creates the pattern or shapes the man; it is to a very large extent shaped by man's emotions. Instead of the pattern being formed by the impersonal, the enduring, the normal, it is formed by the personal, the fortuitous, the abnormal, until in the end religion itself becomes a single factor in a private world of hatred, lust and guilt.

So it appears to the Catholic moralist who is shocked by the disruptive element in Jansenism. A critic brought up in the Protestant tradition will hardly find the diagnoses stated to his approval or, when approved, shocking. He will possibly agree with Mr Turnell that Gide wrote only three important novels, but will not dismiss the rest of his work, as Mr Turnell does, as the accomplished expression of a long career of moral hypocrisy. Gide's distinction as a writer, is close in one respect to Rousseau's: his writings are the prolonged history of a conscience. He is both rebel and the prodigal returning to set out once more. Gide stands on firmer ground than a novelist like Mauriac, who does indeed let his emotions shape his religion and who has plunged into perversity, sentimentality and hatred of life. And who, in fact, has ended by writing melodramas. He is really a brilliant dramatist.

Mr Turnell is not, all the same, a critic who sacrifices art to dogma. His long study of Zola is deeply perceptive in all that concerns the art of the novelist. Of course, he makes fun of Zola's determinism, but he sees that Zola's idea of human beings, indeed of all nature, as appetite, is poetic. Zola's pessimism has never seemed to me more than a useful means of expressing his own personal will to power. His talent as a novelist lies in his capacity to describe gregarious daily life and work, and not in his pretentious attempts to outline the fates of his characters: the French passion for completeness is often for an arbitrary completeness. Mr Turnell is surely right in thinking that the force which drove Zola on was the desire to project his personal sexual conflict. Once this was settled, he ceased to write well – though we had better be guarded about this. He was ageing, he had worked enormously hard and was tired out when he relaxed into the soft, sprawling megalomania of the last novels in which he is as ridiculous as he was at the Dreyfus trial. I don't really believe, incidentally, with Mr Turnell that vivid physical descriptions of people, buildings, etc., came in, in the nineteenth century, because people felt they had lost their identity with their loss of religion. The paradox is interesting, but it sounds like playing with words. Who could have less identity than the characters of the *Princesse de Clèves*? The physical descriptions, the abandonment of anonymity in the nineteenth century, do not arise, I suggest, from an hysterical sense of loss, or because people felt that their faces and bodies were all they had. These descriptions assert the power to act and move. They connote energies and are deeply emotional. They are the first indications of an essen-

tially new consciousness in modern life: man making his world and his fellows, inseparable from both. Zola's crowd scenes are an aspect of individual emphasis extended.

Mr Turnell's method is to present his biographical material first. He then goes on to analysis of the chosen books by copious quotation and to a linguistic examination. (I find this the least rewarding part of his criticism. It merely proves a truism: that writers of great talent are on excellent terms with their unconscious and say what they mean.) I regret the essay on Gide which reads like a personal attack. If it is true that he was a psychopath and destroyer, that enhances his interest and edge as a moralist. The judgment on Maupassant is more justly crushing; yet here, again, I cannot think that he must be condemned also because he wrote in the short form. It is in fact his brevity that makes him original and in that there was much art: it is not the art of the novel. This is a small point. If I seem to have offered many objections to Mr Turnell's book it is because it is sufficiently rich and well-found to provoke and stand them. He is a most spirited and valuable critic.

V. S. PRITCHETT

La Grande Mademoiselle

Daughter of France. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Joseph.* 25*s.*

Mlle de Montpensier entered the world with splendid prospects. She was granddaughter of Henri IV, and the richest woman in France in her own right, since her mother did not survive her birth. If she grew up healthy and not deformed, which of the desirable crowns in Europe would be placed on her precious head? She was not a hunchback and she did not grow up crooked like so many seventeenth-century high-born ladies; but she turned out big and ugly with a long, condescending nose. In her exalted station, however, looks were of minor importance: money and lineage dictated the choice of royal suitors, and with those she was abundantly supplied. Yet when she died in 1693 at the age of sixty-six she was still Mademoiselle de Montpensier. What went wrong? How did so pre-eminently marriageable a princess dwindle into an insignificant old maid? Mademoiselle wrote her own Memoirs, in four fat printed volumes, in which she attributed her matrimonial disappointments to a conspiracy of fate against her: she was doomed to be unlucky in love by a train of unfortunate events. Was she right? Or was she herself at least partly to blame for her failure to reach a throne, as one shrewdly suspects?

Such suspicion will be confirmed in this latest and most sympathetic biography. La Grande Mademoiselle was handicapped all through her life by a total lack of charm. But Miss Sackville-West's kind heart warms towards the plain, foolish, lonely woman planted in the cruel formality of Louis XIV's court with only pride and courage to sustain her. 'Poor Mademoiselle,' Miss Sackville-West occasionally interjects in the pathetic story – and even the unsentimental male reader will be forced to agree. For while wanting desperately to be a Queen to gratify her vanity and self-importance, her natural inclinations preferred women to men. As a motherless child she had developed a father-fixation on that monster of a man, Gaston d'Orléans; and when she grew up, a great hoyden of a girl, her homosexual fate was sealed.

The only man Mademoiselle ever set her heart on was Lauzun, just as treacherous a monster in his own way as her father; and that frantic obsession came over her well on in her forties. The story of her courtship is strangely revealing. Lauzun, the dapper little Captain of the Guard, behaved like a coy maiden. The large, uncouth lady made all the running, pursued him relentlessly and finally proposed herself in manly fashion and was timidly accepted. When Louis XIV forbade the marriage at the last moment it was Mademoiselle who was prostrated with disappointment: Lauzun never turned a hair. There were tenuous rumours that the couple did actually marry secretly; but all the probabilities are against that fanciful idea. Lauzun never showed any physical interest in the ageing spinster; he agreed to marry her for her title and her money, and a clandestine marriage or a liaison would have given him neither. Miss Sackville-West would like to believe that poor Mademoiselle fell at least once into the arms of the man of her choice, but she admits that there is no plausible justification for such wishful thinking.

Miss Sackville-West is a thoughtful woman and an artist, who makes light of the labours of scholarship in a delightfully easy, effortless style. One could not hope for a more affable and intelligent guide among the milling crowd of aristocrats at the court of Louis XIV. (A useful appendix of biographical notes guards the reader from going astray.) Her book contains many illustrations (several of which have never before been published) including the well-known one of Mademoiselle as Minerva in a helmet with her father beside her, together with two female figures in an undressed allegorical state, whom Miss Sackville-West has identified as Mademoiselle's two best friends.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

One Man's Voyage

Farewell to Germany. By HEINRICH FRAENKEL. *Arco: Bernard Hanison.* 18*s.*

The blurb describes this book as an autobiography. Mr Fraenkel himself never makes this claim and clearly states that he feels no call to write 'a comprehensive work about German exiles during the Hitler régime', though he says that such a book would provide historians with useful material about 'the no-man's-land between the nations, between the parties and somehow also between a dream-world and reality'. What he sets out to do is to explain why, after remaining a German throughout the war and the immediate post-war years, he chose to apply for British citizenship. *Exile*, the first part of this short book, deals with the period from 1933 to the end of the war, and contains only as much autobiography and history as is needed to introduce the second half.

This, ironically, is called *Homecoming*. It is an account of Mr Fraenkel's 'repeated but ultimately vain attempts to come home'. During his frequent visits to both West and East Germany after the war, mainly as a correspondent for this journal, Mr Fraenkel had to abandon all his hopes of ever settling again in Germany. 'The lesson I learned was that, much as I still was and ever would be concerned with its fate, it was no longer my country. The lesson I learned was that I no longer belonged.'

Mr Fraenkel had left Germany in 1933 when threatened with arrest on a baseless charge arising from his journalistic activities. Despite his hatred of the Nazis he continued to think of himself as a German and to devote his energies

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her biography of La Grande Mademoiselle is widely reviewed, highly praised and everywhere in demand

Daughter of France

(25/-)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

to the cause of 'the other Germany'. Even during his internment as an enemy alien he continued his campaign against the late Lord Vansittart's views on Germany and in favour of a policy of leniency and discrimination. In the Free German Movement of those years his endeavours were thwarted by the gradual infiltration and ascendancy of the Communist members. Mr Fraenkel left the movement, but persisted in his hopes and his activities as a publicist. The most moving part of his book is the description of his first train journey to Germany after the war, when he 'pressed his nose against the window like a child waiting for Father Christmas'.

The realities of the Occupation, both in the West and East, were no less antagonistic to Mr Fraenkel's 'dream-world' than the realities of the war. At first it was the policy of the occupying powers of which he disapproved, the deprivations inflicted on the relatively innocent and the speedy reinstatement of the guilty, the unscrupulous and the ruthless. Later his disillusionment extended to the German administration on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The last incident he relates took place in the newly opened parliament at Bonn, when a Communist delegate was penalised for expressing 'opinions which cannot but be extremely painful and obnoxious for the overwhelming majority of the House'. In the East, on the other hand, 'the class differences are much more evident and much greater than in the Western world, where the evolutionary achievements of this century have done more than any revolution in diminishing and adjusting social differences'.

Mr Fraenkel is aware, of course, that his criticism of post-war Germany is inseparable from the Cold War situation in general. In connection with Western occupation policy he writes:

> Like any huge and over-bureaucratised administrative machinery this one, too, soon kept ticking over automatically, and did so even when the original aims were no longer acute and, indeed, just about to be turned upside down; when from one idiotic extreme of 'Morgenthauism' there had been a swing to the opposite and no less idiotic extreme; when de-nazification turned into re-nazification, de-militarisation into re-militarisation, and thereby re-education lost any sense and meaning it ever had.

Yet, to this reader at least, Mr Fraenkel has not wholly succeeded in explaining his decision to change his nationality after so long and thorough an acquaintance with both countries. What he records is not so much a change in the character of Germany or the Germans as a change in himself; and this change is a disillusionment shared by countless persons of many nationalities whose 'dream-world' is at odds with the political realities of the last 25 years.

What is valuable in this book, after all, is its contribution to that 'comprehensive history' which the author did not intend to write, and the vivid episodes that stand out from his account of post-war Germany – episodes like his arrest by a Russian soldier in the Eastern sector of Berlin, together with the editor of the NEW STATESMAN. As a personal record, this book is not personal enough. Mr Fraenkel emerges as a man of uncommon and unshakable good will, but he doesn't go nearly deep enough into what it was that kept him loyal to the idea of Germany during the '4,482 days and nights' of the Nazi régime, and what made him change his mind. Had he been less extraverted and less reticent, he might have given us more than a piece of good reporting, something about the unchanging aspects of belonging and not belonging, about himself and all men.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

April 20

V. S. Naipaul

MIGUEL STREET

'This humour, conducted throughout with the utmost stylistic quietude, is completely original.' Kingsley Amis wrote thus of *The Suffrage of Elvira*, and it is as true of the delightful new book by 'this perfect writer.' (Sunday Times). 15*s*

Modigliani

JEANNE MODIGLIANI, the painter's daughter, writes of her father as 'Man and Myth': an authoritative biography, with new material and 100 reproductions in colour and monochrome of drawings, paintings and sculpture. There is also a selection of letters, and 53 photographs. 55*s*

ANDRE DEUTSCH

What the Poet Wrote

Textual and Literary Criticism. By FREDSON BOWERS. *Cambridge.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

There can be no quarrel with Professor Bowers's main contention in these four lectures; that literary criticism is dependent on textual criticism, and textual criticism on bibliographical investigations. But I think many people who would agree that the critic should make certain that he is criticising what the author wrote, as far as that can be determined, will be surprised to learn the amount of textual corruption which exists in editions of even modern authors. In his first lecture, which should be 'required reading' for all literary critics, Professor Bowers gives some splendid examples of critical insights squandered on misprints and has a lot of good fun with them. We have Matthiessen brooding over Melville's image of 'some inert soiled fish of the sea', where the genius of a printer has substituted 'soiled' for the 'coiled' of the first editions; Empson expatiating on the syntax of 'Whispers of Immortality' in an edition in which the printer had transposed a comma and semi-colon; a long wrangle over the merits of 'disdains' against 'distains' in 'Sailing to Byzantium', and an American critic unable to decide between the relative merits of 'solider Aristotle' and 'soldier Aristotle' in 'Among School Children'. I hope I shall not be thought merely malicious if I mention that, when quoting from *Ash Wednesday* to show the obscurity conferred upon the text in the *Collected Poems* by the misprinting of 'World' for 'Word', an error perpetuated in subsequent editions, in the *Selected Poems* and in the French translation, Professor Bowers himself adds a fresh error by omitting the word 'still'. It is a striking example of human incapacity to 'follow copy'.

My only complaint against Professor Bowers's lambasting of literary critics who are ignorant of the rudiments of textual criticism is that it should have been balanced by some equally instructive examples of what happens when bibliographers not gifted with literary judgment go beyond their limits. This is his real point. He knows that what matters in the end is the literary and critical judgment and that editing is an art and can never be a science. But it must make use of the science of bibliography which, by examination of the purely physical aspects of a manuscript or book, can establish facts. Anyone who wants to know what are the new facts which any editor of Shakespeare must now take into account will find them and a discussion of their implications in Professor Bowers's third lecture.

The implications of 'compositor determination' and of 'setting by formes' have not been worked out and Professor Bowers is reporting on work in progress rather than on achievement. He has to own that, in spite of the amount of intellectual energy which has been expended on the text of Shakespeare in this century, and the great advances in our knowledge, no new text has won general acceptance and replaced the Cambridge editors' text of 1864 as the *textus receptus*. I hope, all the same, his lecture may communicate to those outside the charmed circle how great recent advances have been and how rich is the reward that I believe, as he does, will one day crown these arduous and minute studies. Bibliography has transformed the old art of textual criticism which traditionally concentrated on significant differences. It is the study of the apparently insignificant (the identification of a compositor by his type and habits, the study of his spelling, the agreement of two texts, which differ widely in their readings, in capitalisation and punctuation) that is now seen to hold the clue which will lead us back behind the printed text to the copy which it was set from. The establishing of the nature of the copy is the first step towards the textual critic's task, the establishing of what stood in Shakespeare's own manuscript.

HELEN GARDNER

Return to Delhi

The Dark Dancer. By BALACHANDRA RAJAN. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Balachandra Rajan is known in England for his work on Milton and Eliot, and since 1948 has represented India on many international bodies. The theme of his first novel is the familiar conflict between Western education and Indian traditions, during the bloody flux of the 1947 Cæsarian birth of Independence.

Krishnan, a South Indian, returns to his country after ten years in England. Under the pressure of his family he accepts an arranged but not unhappy marriage, and after a brief spell of frustration as a teacher enters government service in the Delhi Secretariat. A Cambridge girl-friend arrives and he begins an affair with her. His wife leaves him to work among refugees in the Punjab, and he rejoins her after his mistress has conveniently given him his *congé*. The hospital is besieged, his wife is killed trying to save a Moslem girl, and Krishnan consoles himself with the Bhagwad Gita.

With these real personal conflicts set in a background of gigantic events, why is it one feels, despite the American encomiums on the dust-

jacket and the white badge of approval of the Book Society, that the novel fails? Partly because there is no leaven of idealism. Krishnan is untouched by the faith of Gandhi and Nehru, he sells out to the Establishment all too easily and slides without protest into the thin stratum of cultural DPs whose lives revolve around cocktail parties and clubs and sharkskin dinner-jackets. 'It's my life style', he says, 'I'm V. S. Krishnan, the uncommitted philosopher. Nobody ever succeeded in making me choose'—and it is Cynthia who both eases him in and out of his affair, his wife, not the ideal of service, who draws him to the storm-centre at the hospital. Everywhere he goes he lectures, debates, argues, and seems incapable of direct experience. He has the tactile sensitivity of a man wearing boxing-gloves, the visual of one swathed in philosophic bed-clothes. Even in the love scenes the tentative concrete terms soon wither into abstraction. When Cynthia puts her arms round him she is 'circling his indecision with finality'; when he puts his arms round her he is 'firming the arch' of—of what?—'her confidence'! There are always four metaphors, and seldom a plain description, where one will do. 'It is possible to go back, to remember, to review, to disinter the chain, remodel the footprints', he muses, like a new Roget. And 'conscious of its disadvantage in any encounter of influence, the minor contestant gracefully withdrew' is his way, or rather the author's, of describing a small car backing before a bigger one. No wonder Cynthia says, 'Maybe it would help if you let some fresh air into those fancy metaphors'!

With all due respect for his search for meaning and pattern one hopes that in future Mr Rajan will curb the chattering philosophic ape and give more rein to the sensual tiger. If he cannot do this, one can only repeat the remark of the Venetian courtesan to Rousseau: '*Lascia le donne, e studia la matematica*'.

PHILIP ROBINSON

Other New Novels

The Small Spark of Courage. By D. A. RAYNER. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

As Though They Had Never Been. By MARK OLIVER. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Death in that Garden. By JOSÉ ANDRÉ LACOUR. Translated by HUMPHREY HARE. *Barrie & Rockcliff.* 16*s.*

The Bystander. By ALBERT J. GUERARD. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Mademoiselle B——. By NANCY PEARSON. *Collins with Harvill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Small Spark of Courage is a short unpretentious novel that does exactly what it sets out to do: it tells the story of a two-hour tank battle somewhere in France towards the end of the war. A British army has outrun its supply line and the enemy prepare to launch a counter-attack against the disorganised centre. It is the duty of the flank brigade to delay or divert this attack. To do so a company has to be exposed to what could easily be complete destruction, since a heavy mist prevents observation and the enemy's strength and plans can only be conjectured. The attack is launched, and for half an hour proceeds predictably. Then anger, fear and bravery replace logic, with unexpected results. Simple maps elucidate the action, which is always gripping and made vivid by Commander Rayner's precise use of simile ('occasionally a larger branch would be torn away with the noise of crumpled Cellophane'). There is throughout a sense of isolation and unreality. The battle seems to be nothing more than a monstrous game with machines; and then, almost with surprise, one learns that their purpose is mutilation and death.

As Though They Had Never Been deals with poverty, degradation and early death in the South of Italy. Pasquale is twelve. His father is dead, the family is poor, and Pasquale has to beg and steal; later he moves to Naples, where he pimps for a vicious whore and sells his own body to homosexuals; finally, starving, tubercular and with only a few months to live, he returns to his native village. Pasquale is not the picaroon of literature; he continually wrings our heart and is too dispirited ever to amuse us; he is obsessed, as no picaroon ever was, with the horror of his life. Mr Oliver clearly writes with great knowledge and sympathy, but I cannot help feeling that this is life looked at from the outside. *As Though They Had Never Been* may be a terrifying social document. As a novel it is somewhat crude. Crudest of all are the arrogant sarcasms directed at those who lack the sensibility to be moved by poverty.

The blurb of *Death in that Garden* is as good as any review:

> This is a novel with a brilliantly evocative South American setting . . . . A group of people flee into the jungle to escape the firing squad. Among them are a priest, a prostitute, an ex-Nazi officer, a Jew. . . . Their mutual hatred, fear and suspicion are gradually transformed into respect, brotherhood and love. Little by little, in their shared misfortune, they become conscious of the profound meaning of their destinies.

How often, in brilliantly evocative settings, have we come across similar groups, as well assorted as chocolates: some with hard centres, some with soft, some plain, some nutty. We have met them, hungry and thirsty, in lifeboats, in stranded long-distance buses, in country houses and boarding-houses. Time and time again we have found them, sole survivors of universal disaster, settling down to complicated discussion about the profound meaning of their destinies. There is little that is profound in *Death in that Garden*. M. Lacour pleads, weakly, for universal brotherhood. None of the sudden changes of heart undergone by his characters is convincing. The novel is as artificial, embarrassing and futile as most fiction of this sort. The setting, however, is brilliantly evocative:

> A *mergulhao* skimmed low towards the dark bank where a minor eddy was making the *canduru* plants rustle. From time to time the water boiled at the passing of a shoal of *piranhas*. The *lancha* was drifting quickly . . . and the *caboclos* had merely to keep the craft straight.

There is one good chapter in *The Bystander*: chapter thirteen, oddly enough. It describes a gambling session at the Monte Carlo Casino. The reader who has got this far has ceased to expect anything, but presently he finds himself involved in the sickening excitement of the gambler: the surprise and elation at the first win, replaced by the almost unbearable excitement of the risk, which steadily mounts; the exaltation made sharper because it is known to be momentary; the sudden superstitions; then the sighting of defeat, the acceptance of it, the working towards it, the fatigue, the relief. Towards the end this chapter is almost painful to read. The chapter is perfection: a complete experience, a tragedy in miniature. Unfortunately, it has little relation to the rest of the novel which is about the lifelong love of this penniless, unpublished, non-writing American writer for this French actress who has dwindled, in middle age, to being the kept woman of a French politician.

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boarding school is so well caught in *Mademoiselle B*— that it is a pity Miss Pearson could not have worked out a less theatrical story to go with it. The narrator's love for an attractive teacher who turns out to be mad is just a little too thin.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Destined to Kill?

The Trial of Peter Manuel. By JOHN GRAY WILSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

'When we execute a murderer,' wrote Lichtenberg, 'it may be that we fall into the same mistake as the child that strikes a chair it has collided with.' This is a book (sub-title: *The Man Who Talked Too Much*) about a man who murdered too much, and whose propensity might well have been foreseen in childhood. Peter Manuel told the police about nine of his murders, was indicted and convicted for eight, and while awaiting execution confessed (according to the *Sunday Pictorial*) to three more. His case should and will be studied for years to come.

He was born in Manhattan of Scottish working-class parents in 1927 and was brought home to Motherwell at the age of five. When he was 12 he was put on probation for shopbreaking, committed a similar offence five weeks later, and was then sent to his first approved school. He escaped and (says Mr Wilson) 'there followed a monotonous series, with intervals of only a few weeks, of offence (usually housebreaking and theft), apprehension, return to an approved school, escape, offence, return'. He went to approved schools 11 times in three years. Eligible for Borstal at 16, he was there within a few weeks. At 19 he got 12 months for housebreaking (15 charges); then eight years for rape; and it was after this that he embarked on his nine murders.

The author of this book is a Scottish QC (he is Sheriff-Substitute of Renfrewshire) who is interested in the newly recognised problem of the aggressive psychopath; and he discusses the possibility (seeming not to put it higher) that Manuel's psychopathy could have been recognised and halted at an early stage. In some legal systems provision is made for a very full psychiatric examination of certain criminals, lasting several weeks. In Manuel's case this might have saved a dozen lives—if the treatment suggested by the examination were available. At present in this country it is not. In countries where it is, the results do not seem to impress foreign observers; and the relevant proposals, in our own Mental Health Bill, for the pre-delinquent detention of potentially dangerous psychopaths up to the age of 25, are abhorrent even to some of our most progressive penal reformers. But, writes Mr Wilson,

> probation, approved schools, and Borstal training had no reformative or deterrent effect on Manuel; neither had prison or the fear of the death penalty. It is at least worth considering whether a new approach is not called for.

However cautiously stated, this is Mr Wilson's real theme. In developing it, he gives a vivid and skilfully condensed version of the 16-day trial and the two-day appeal; and for uncritical English admirers of the Scottish legal system he provides a few salutary jolts. Among these are the detention for 67 days *without trial* of a suspect (the widower of one of Manuel's victims) who was totally innocent; the fact that there was seen to be no purpose in transferring the trial from Glasgow to Edinburgh because 'present-day methods of publicity would make such a change of venue of little practical value'; and the lumping together in one huge indictment of eight murders, 11 petty thefts, and a charge of making a bullet-he' a mattress. There are still some things, in fact, that they do not order better in Scotland; but English law could do with a few reporters of Mr Wilson's narrative and forensic ability.

C. H. ROLPH

Young Man at Sea

In Deep. By FRANK BAINES. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

Frank Baines's second instalment of autobiography (his first was the memorable *Look Towards the Sea*) stunningly belies its number-one photographic jacket of ballooning sails, ship's wheel stamped in silver on its spine, that at first sight suggests merely another manual for the amateur sailor.

At surface level, the story concerns his initiation voyage as an apprentice in the *Mathew Scoble* (four-mast barque, 32,000 square foot of canvas) from Millwall Dock to a free fight with knives and with knuckledusters on a run ashore at the Cornucopia Hotel, Wallaroo, Australia. Mr Baines's prose hovers purposefully between the sensationally factual ('The mizzen braces were belayed on the poop, coiled down on greenhart pins, the spanker-boom ran overhead, resting in a crutch behind the wheel-house') and the highly 'poetic'. If in doubt about the strength of a single image, he is not above chucking in three. ('We are as somnambulatory as sleep-walkers, or like cockroaches in treacle or flies in amber') But when he forgets to behave like an action-poet loaded with an exploding kitbag of partly worn adjectives, Mr Baines writes brilliantly and with the subtlest of perception of what it feels like to be a young man at sea. Slowly, and very beautifully, the book reveals itself as an allegory of youth and early manhood within the close and continent male society of the ship.

All the apparatus of the complicated religious rite is at hand: the pure temple of the poop, the sanctuary of the conning-position, the standard compass as a Herm or phallus: and, over all, the skipper as high-priest or king. As a reminder of mortal man, there is the brassiere stolen from God knows where and suspended from a bulkhead in the sail-locker, the ship's pigs eating and copulating 'with terrific abandon', and the ship's sewage pipes that, unfortunately, 'had never been conceived as accommodating the Homeric Nordic stools deposited there by our Scandinavian sailors and as a result were permanently blocked'.

The whole story has the powerful, half-dream-like quality of adolescence. It is poised breathlessly for its 222 pages on the rim of some shuddering orgasm that never, in spite of the sacrificial victim-figure of the boy Moses, quite takes place; and the final landfall is something of a disappointment. But then, as Mr Baines mercilessly observes, nearly all ships go to pieces in port.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

The third volume of Admiral Fisher's correspondence *Fear God and Dread Nought*, edited by Arthur J. Marder, has been published by Cape (50s.). Recent new editions include M. Penelope Hall's *Social Services of Modern England*—fourth edition, revised (Routledge, 28s.), Piaget's *Language and Thought of the Child* (Routledge, 25s.), K. S. Twitchell's *Saudi Arabia* (Oxford for Princeton, 40s.), E. N. da C. Andrade's *An Approach to Modern Physics* (Bell, 27s. 6d.) and—largely rewritten—G. J. Whitrow's *The Structure and Evolution of the Universe* (Hutchinson, 21s.).

Shorter Reviews

The Twentieth Century. April. 3*s.*

The Twentieth Century is devoted this month to Africa south of the Sahara. Nearly all the European contributors take it for granted that the Africans will be looking after their own affairs everywhere on the continent before long. Two of the best articles are by African writers, however, and they are better aware of the hindrances. In a brilliant, moving essay, Ezekiel Mphahlele discusses the dilemma of the African elite: how can they learn the lessons of the modern world, and yet keep hold of their beginnings? Paradoxically, it seems to be easier in Mphahlele's native South Africa, where education is got with such savage difficulty, because there the enlightened African has no access to the governing class, and so is forced to remain with his own people.

The other outstanding contribution by an African writer is Stanlake Samkange's article on 'partnership' in the Central African Federation. Samkange's restraint is an example to people like Doris Lessing, who alleges in the next article that the Federal authorities are actively encouraging violence on the Mau Mau pattern in order to discredit the nationalist movement. This is reckless talk, that helps nobody. With every excuse to speak wildly, Messrs Mphahlele and Samkange confront us instead with a sober appreciation of the great difficulty of these matters. They passionately wish to avert the tragedy that seems to be in store for their countries. Their patience and good nature is a marvel.

William Plomer adds a disquieting postscript to his autobiography, *Double Lives*, and we are reminded that nobody has written better about South Africa. Abioseh Nicol reports on a trip home to Nigeria, Tom Hopkinson on his new job as editor of *Drum*. Nadine Gordimer writes frankly about the quandary of the white South Africans. The compiler of this issue, Anthony Sampson, has done well by South and Central Africa, but we ought to be told more about the French, Portuguese and Belgian territories, and about Kenya. Also, he should have appointed an advocate for the devil: the humbug of Verwoerd and Welensky is over-ready for the clinical scalpel.

P. D. S.

India and America. By SUNDAR LAL POPLAI and PHILLIPS TALBOT. *Oxford.* 22*s.*

Two private organisations, the Indian Council of World Affairs and the American Council on Foreign Relations, have jointly produced a most valuable study of their countries' foreign policies. In general India's policy is the application in a wider sphere of Gandhian non-violence. It costs little and is supported by the overwhelming mass of informed Indian opinion. At the same time it is accepted by both authors, without being a criticism, that while Nehru's stand on most issues is based on moral principle, where India's own security is involved—as in relations with Pakistan and Nepal, and in the protection of the north-east frontier—his approach resembles that of the State Department to the threat of international Communism. And as regards other parts of Asia, particularly China, Indian leaders believe that food and factories are more important than individual freedom *except* where the limitations on such freedom are imposed not by home-grown regimes but by foreign imperialists.

American policy, in contrast, involves enormous expenditure and is controversial even within America itself. During the years of Soviet expansion, in 1945-50, the Indians were preoccupied with the domestic problems of Independence and when they turned to international affairs it was a great disappointment to find that on many issues the USA was lining up with colonialists. Only since America's welcome stand on Suez, the Hungarian rising and Nehru's last meeting with Eisenhower, the authors maintain, have the policies of the two countries drawn a little closer. It will, nevertheless, be a tragedy if India ceases to be a bridge between the two blocs as a result of events in Tibet.

This is a deeply thoughtful piece of Indo-American co-operative analysis. The two countries' views are presented in turn on each separate issue—Kashmir, Pancha Shila v. SEATO, old and new colonialism—with a scrupulous fairness that will do much to promote mutual respect and understanding. Indeed the arguments are so sweetly reasonable that after reading them even a Blimp might be more sympathetic to the Indian case, even a NEW STATESMAN subscriber to Mr Dulles's!

P. R.

The Critical Quarterly. Vol. 1. No. 1. 2*s.* 6*d.*

A new monthly, publishing critical articles of up to 3,000 words together with new verse, is worth welcoming, and *The Critical Quarterly*, whose joint editors are young lecturers in English in the University of Hull and the University College of North Wales, Bangor, respectively, gets off to a pleasant if not especially spectacular start. Professor Danby may not substantiate his claim that *Under the Greenwood Tree* is 'not less deep and not less transcendent' than *Jude*, but it is good to read Raymond Williams's discriminating article on *Under Milk Wood* after so much recent highbrow denigration of Thomas, itself the reflex of an equally uncritical lowbrow adulation. Donald Davie's and John Holloway's poems are admirable, and an exciting new poet makes his appearance in Peter M. Griffith, a Bangor undergraduate. There is a stimulating symposium 'Why Teach Literature?', with contributions from, among others, D. J. Enright, on teaching English abroad, G. H. Bantock, on teaching in the training colleges, and Douglas Hewitt, on adult education. The best single prose contribution, however, is probably Bernard Bergonzi's review of the Penguin Chestertons and Bellocs, and it is not beside the point to note that Bergonzi shows himself the best writer of prose contributing to the magazine.

W. A.

Glory Without Power. By RICHARD CLEMENTS. *Barker.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Law v. the Trade Unions. By D. N. PRITT and RICHARD FREEMAN. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There is too much ignorance of the facts about trade unionism and too much ill-considered advice to trade unionists, even among active members of the Labour Party. And one reason for this is the turgid character of most descriptions of trade union law and practice. Mr Clements now shows that it is possible to write clearly and without jargon about trade union problems—and to say something important as well. Indeed, this is one of those rare books of which one can genuinely say that it should be basic reading for every active trade unionist and Socialist—especially those Socialists who are not involved on the industrial front and who sometimes become impatient with the tortuous ways of the unions.

Mr Clements, who is one of the talented group of journalists who keep *Tribune* alive and kicking, starts by discussing last year's London bus strike, and shows how it confronted the TUC with fundamental questions about the future of British unionism, especially in nationalised industries. Then, after a brief historical survey of unionism in this country, he discusses some of the main problems that now face the nearly nine million unionists affiliated to the TUC. There is the organisation of the unorganised, especially the married women who are becoming an increasingly important section of the labour force; there is the actual structure of the unions, and the need to rethink the role of 'residential' branches and the shop stewards; there are new social objectives, such as higher severance pay, payment during illness, longer holidays and industrial pensions; and, above all, there is the much discussed and misunderstood matter of a wages policy—without which it will be impossible to plan the economy effectively or solve the wage-problems of employees in the public sector. This is not a definitive study, but it is one of the most useful tracts offered to the Labour movement since the war. Useful, too, in a practical way, is the volume by Mr Pritt and Mr Freeman, which is a survey of the law as it affects trade unions. It is mainly historical, but the branch official would do well to study it and learn the simple lessons that can be d awn.

N. M.

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These are merely quotes out of context. You must read it in the round to appreciate the full flavour of this great labour leader's mind and experience.

Begin reading on Monday in the

News Chronicle

Week-end Competition

No. 1,521 **Set by Walter Allen**

Stevenson, irritated by a publisher's rejection of his *Moral Emblems* in 1882, described in a letter to Henley a few of the other manuscripts turned down by the same firm: 'a fragment of Journal extending over six years, and an unfinished Autobiography reaching up to the first performance of *King John*, by William Shakespeare; The Journals and Private Correspondence of David, King of Israel; Poetical Works of Arthur, Iron Dook of Wellington, including a Monody on Napoleon'. The usual prizes are offered for the best extracts from any of these works. Not more than 150 words or 16 lines. Entries by 28 April.

Result of No. 1,518 **Set by L. Clarendon**

A petition has been presented in the House of Commons seeking to prevent the maltreatment of the music and lyrics of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas when the copyright expires. The usual prizes are offered for the best Gilbertian comment on this situation. Not more than 16 lines.

Report

I am the Setter who must make Report
But I don't know how to begin;
You are all so very good that be it understood
Everyone deserves to win.

Indeed, all the favourite lyrics were well parodied, while puns were scattered like confetti at a wedding. Take Geoffrey Parker's lyrical ladies:

We will always stay to guard him
'Gainst the rocks of Steely fate,
Lest there be one who would roll him
From his high and solitary state.

This and the verses from R. A. McKenzie, Alfred Francis, James S. Fidgen, Alan F. Wallis, W. G. Daish, Frib Jub and R. J. L. are highly commended. I suggest that the prizes are shared by the authors of the entries printed below.

I dreamed that Macmillan, dressed up as a villain,
with top-hat and curling moustaches,
Cried, 'Polling-time's due, we can't let Nanki-Poo
join those wandering-minstrel Apaches:
And the Country won't stand it, Krushchev may cry
Bandit! if one scene in *Pinafore's* altered;
Gondoliers rock-and-rolling are really appalling,
Welensky will say we have faltered!'
Up rose Selwyn Lloyd, looking really annoyed (He
had crossed Titipu on a bicycle
In search of some scum who had harried Yum-Yum)
and his voice came as cold as an icicle:
'In whate'er Foreign Part, Sir, the name D'Oyly-
Carte, sir, with British Prestige is synonomous;
They revere *Ruddigore* in Rangoon, Singapore and
in many Republics autonomous,
And I'm sure you can guess how the whole Arab
Press will welcome the copyright's ending—
Just envisage Pooh-Bah strumming Presley's guitar,
if the prospect is not too heartrending'.
At these words seven Peers all dissolved into tears
in the Gallery where they were sitting,
And I woke with a start and a pain in my heart plus
a headache that really was splitting!

J. E. HINDER

You can chop up bits of Shakespeare with an axe:
You can add to Marlowe's line just what it lacks;
But expect a draught arsenious
If you tamper with the genius
Of a Gilbert—till the end of almanacs!

You can give the plays of Sheridan and Shaw
To be mangled in the Philistinian maw;
But a Gilbert is a story
In another category,
To be gazed upon with reverential awe.

For this Gilbert is the Very G of Gs
As himself and half the world as well agrees;
And no man, however clever,
Shall for ever, ever, ever
Change a word of his perfection, *if* you please!

ALLAN M. LAING

It's an anti-New-Look good plan,
A 'This-we-won't-brook!' good plan
A lets-do-it-proper-a,
Don't-spoil-the-Opera,
Stick-to-the-book good plan.

It's an alter-who-dare good plan,
A stay-as-you-were good plan,
A fans-all-a fluttering
Stuffily muttering
'No change of air' good plan.

It's a set-'em-all-quaking plan,
A censorship-making plan,
A Fifth-of-November,
Write to your Member
Parliament-shaking plan.

NANCY GUNTER

As some day it may happen that revision must be made,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of the parts of my libretti that are lifeless and decayed,
And would never now be missed—now never would be missed!

There are all those topicalities so meaningless today,
Like Ko-Ko's saying after Nanki-Poo had gone away,
That he had gone to Knightsbridge—*now* it doesn't mean a thing;
And must they still of Captain Shaw in *Iolanthe* sing?
And those idyllic poets who can hardly now exist,
They'd none of 'em be missed—they wouldn't now be missed!

I'd cut out all the curates and I'd weed out the dragoons.
Turn Liberals to Labourites (the word 'ud fit the tunes);
And lily-lover'd maidens who keep sighing as they mope,
I'd take 'em by the throttle and I'd string 'em on a rope,
With 'willow waly', 'Monday Pops', and much that I insist
Would never now be missed—now never would be missed!

J. A. LINTON

'Tis a matter for delight that the Law of Copyright
Will protect an author's output and his income,
For, without the law, it's flat some accursèd copycat
Would just plagiarize'um, pirate'um and sink'um.

But this legal prohibition is of limited condition,
So the addicts of my works have acted, *i.e.*
With a desperate devotion they have set on foot a motion
That my copyright continue *sine die*.

For to mess about my operas is reckoned most improper as
They're always played according to the canon;
Any hint of deviation rouses righteous indignation
And is what my public wants to put a ban on.

Now it's really very charming, quite delightfully disarming
To be rev'renced like a guru or apostle;
I just hope this kindly action won't result in petrifaction,
For I'd hate to be a hieratic fossil.

H. A. C. EVANS

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by SUSAN STRANGE
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City Lights

Salesmanship à la Mode

British industry has been told so often to sell itself abroad that it is beginning to do just that. The trade balance may be worsening, but North American purchases of British companies have brought in something like $150m. in the past few months. Imperial Chemical and United Steel, fortunately, are still available in case of an autumn sterling crisis.

This week's bid is for British Timken, our leading manufacturer of ball bearings. The bidder, American Timken, already holds 53 per cent. of the shares and has made such a generous offer for the rest that it will almost certainly get them. The other leading British ball-bearing company, Skefco, is part of the Swedish SKF combine which operates internationally; American Timken, presumably, hopes that closer integration of the British and American companies will improve its competitive position. Treasury consent for the bid will probably be given, since it will help the gold reserve to the tune of just on £10m.

There are two other points of interest about this transaction. The first is that Grandma, as she has done in other cases, refused permission for a share bid: it had to be in cash. This rigid reading of the exchange control regulations was reasonable when convertibility still lay in the far distance, but its main effect nowadays is to prevent British investors from keeping their money in good growth equities. The second point is that the bankers acting for American Timken are Messrs S. G. Warburg, who acted for Reynolds Metals so adroitly in the British Aluminium affair. Mr Warburg is clearly as anxious as Mr Gaitskell to put that list of the 500 largest British companies to constructive use.

* * *

The Common Market has been rather muddled up with Berlin and the summit for the past few

weeks, but the subject is still very much in Mr Maudling's mind. The government's main aim since the end of last year has been to drill into a squad the European countries left out of the Economic Community, to prevent the fainthearts from making separate arrangements with the Six and thereby weakening Britain's own bargaining position.

Their efforts have been reasonably successful so far. The officials have been negotiating busily, and the shape is beginning to emerge of a free trade area of outcasts which might begin by cutting quota restrictions and then proceed to reduce tariffs in line with the Six. Such an association, of course, would be a very poor alternative to association with the Six. Its purpose would be to provide a stronger bargaining position and to make eventual association with the Common Market more feasible. But for the moment, at least, the Six seem to be quite satisfied to get on with their own problems.

* * *

The Halifax Building Society cut its mortgage rate to 5½ per cent. some time ago and Mr Denham, the president, recently declared that the six per cent. rate recommended by the Building Societies Association was 'excessive'. Until now the Association has had the excuse of waiting on the Budget before recommending any change in a rate which has been maintained since the summer of 1956. Meeting just after the Budget, reluctant to change but aware of the strength of public opinion, the Council of the Association hit on a compromise solution – a half-promise that rates would be cut in three months time if all went well. Recommendations take time to come into force: your mortgage, if you are lucky, may be lower in the autumn.

The Association was able to produce only two reasons for its hesitancy, the fact that the government had not lowered National Savings rates and the small drop in the net inflow of funds to building societies in March. But although Savings Certificates have become an obsession with the Association they are a very different form of investment from short-term deposits and already offer a somewhat higher return to the taxpaying investor.

The building societies, in fact, have no clear idea of where their money comes from and why; if they had, they would not need to allow themselves so wide a margin of caution. Again, for all the small drop in March, which may well have been due to nothing more permanent than Easter, funds have recently been coming in at a record rate and the societies have been lending considerably less than under present conditions they could afford to lend. Housebuyers must remain patiently in the queue.

Finally, according to the Association, it would be impossible to cut mortgage rates without simultaneously cutting share and deposit rates because this would eliminate operating margins. The Newcastle-on-Tyne Permanent, which presumably spends less on management than the average society and is less anxious to swell its reserves, has this week cut its mortgage rate to 5½ per cent. and left its investment rates precisely where they were.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 492. The Hero and the Beer Mug

In the battle of Sempach Arnold von Winkelried, commending his soul to his maker, gathered a host of enemy spears to his own breast, and thus immolating himself gave his fellow-warriors the coveted chance of breaking the enemy ranks. A useful sacrifice, good enough to make Winkelried the boyhood hero of Rudolf Spielmann, that arch-artificer of sacrificial grandeur. He has been almost a legend to most of us for many a year, yet he would be merely seventy-five this very month. He seemed a placid little man uncommonly fond of his *gemütlichkeit* and his mug of beer, but whenever under the spell of some sacrificial combination he seemed a bundle of nervous energy swaying from left to right and back again in utter concentration. On one such occasion, with his pocket-set next to his soup-plate he was observed to sway back and forth like a pendulum while ladling spoonful after spoonful of tomato soup straight on to his trousers. He must have noticed it some time later, but I doubt if he cared. He did care for his chess, though, and for the sheer beauty of combinative thrills. He left a good many brilliancies to commemorate his name. Here—White against Tartakower at Munich, 1909—is a neat little game, not particularly well known, but rather significant for his style.

(1) P-K4, P-QB3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-QB3, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-Kt3, P-K4; (6) Kt-B3!, PxP; (7) KtxP, B-QB4; (8) B-K3, Q-Kt3; (9) Q-K2!, O-O; (10) O-O-O, Kt-Q4; (11) Q-R5, Kt-B3; (12) Q-R4, B-KKt5; (13) B-Q3! [A perfectly sound sacrifice in view of the Black K's precarious defensive resources], BxR; (14) RxB, QKt-Q2; (15) Kt(3)-B5, Kt-K4; (16) KtxKtP!, Q-Q1; (17) Kt(7)-B5, Kt-Kt3; (18) Q-R6, Kt-K1; (19) Kt-B3, BxB ch; (20) PxB, Q-B3; (21) Kt-Kt5, Q-R1; (22) Kt-K7 ch resigns.

At San Sebastian, 1912, Spielmann shared 2nd and 3rd with Nimzowitch, ahead of Tarrasch and other famous grandmasters and just behind the great Rubinstein who won the tournament but lost his individual game to Spielmann, just as he had at Carlsbad the year before. Here's the 1912 triumph.

(1) P-Q4, P-K3; (2) P-QB4, P-KB4; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) B-Q2, Kt-KB3; (5) P-KK3, O-O; (6) B-Kt2, P-Q3; (7) P-QR3, BxKt; (8) BxB, QKt-Q2; (9) Q-B2, P-B4; (10) PxP?, KtxP; (11) Kt-B3, Kt(B4)-K5; (12) O-O, B-Q2; (13) KR-Q1, R-B1; (14) BxKt [Practically forced since Kt-Q2 would be refuted by . . . KtxBP!, followed by . . . Kt-Kt5 ch, etc.], QxB; (15) Q-Kt3, R-QB2; (16) Kt-K1, Kt-B4; (17) Q-Kt4, P-B5; (18) Kt-Q3, PxP; (19) BPxP, KtxKt; (20) RxKt, Q-B7 ch; (21) K-R1, B-B3!; (22) P-K4, R(2)-KB2; (23) R-K1, P-QR4!; (24) Q-B3, Q-QB4; (25) P-QKt4, BxP!! [Spielmann commented that while he could not 'calculate' the combination precisely he was convinced that a 'king-hunt' of that sort must prove decisive in the end]; (26) RxB [Relatively best], R-B8 ch!; (27) BxR, RxB ch; (28) K-Kt2, Q-B7 ch; (29) K-R3, R-KR8; (30) R-B3, QxRP ch; (31) K-Kt4, Q-R4 ch; (32) K-B4, Q-R3 ch; (33) K-Kt4, P-KKt4!; (34) RxP [The one and only chance, if any!], QxR ch; (35) R-B5, P-R3!; (36) Q-Q3, K-Kt2; (37) K-B3, R-B8 ch; (38) QxR, QxR ch; (39) K-Kt2, QxQ ch; (40) KxQ, PxP; (41) PxP, K-B3; (42) K-B2, P-R4; and Rubinstein resigned.

A: R. Spielmann 1935

4-pointer for beginners a forced win for White. For 6 and 7 points. **B** (H. Otten 1917) a win, **C** (Henri Rinck 1922) a draw. **B:** /KB6/3B4/p7/2k5/1q6/6P1/2PKt4/8/. **C:** /3Kt4/8/ 3k1P2/16/ 2p2p1p/7P/7K/. Usual prizes. Entries by 27 April.

REPORT on No. 488. Set 21 March.

A: Q-K5 ch, followed by QxR and P-B7.
B: (1) Kt-B5, Q-KR5 ch; (2) K-K8, Q-Q1 ch; (3) K-B7, Q-KR5; (4) BxP ch, K-Q1; (5) B-B6 ch etc.
Or (3) . . . QxRP; (4) BxP ch, K-Q1; (5) Kt-Kt7 ch.
C: (1) P-K7, R-K3; (2) Kt-Q6, RxKt ch; (3) Kt-Q4!, RxKt ch; (4) K-K3, R-Q8; (5) K-K2 etc.
Hence, better (2) . . . RxP; (3) Kt-B8 ch, K-Kt4; (4) KtxR, P-R4; (5) K-B3, K-R5; (6) Kt-Q4, K-R6; (7) Kt-Q5, K-R5; (8) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-R6; (9) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-R7; (10) K-B2, K-R8; (11) Kt-B3, P-R5; (12) Kt-B4, P-R6; (13) Kt-Q2, P-R7; (14) Kt-Kt3 mate. [If the K tries to keep aloof from his P (by, say, (5) . . . K-B4), White must block the P by Kt-R3 before using the other Kt for cornering the K.]

Prizes: E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, M. P. Furmston, J. Mitchell, F. R. Oliver. 38 ladder-decade winners: M. B. Yeats (815), W. H. L. Brooking (763), C. Allen (746), A. J. Roycroft (765) back to scratch.

REPORT on No. 489. Set 28 March.

A: (1) K-B5, KxKt; (2) BxP etc.
B: (1) B-R2, P-Kt5; (2) B-Kt3, K-Q5; (3) Q-Kt3 etc. If (1) . . . K-Q5; (2) Q-Kt3.
C: (1) PxR, BxP; (2) P-Kt4 ch, PxP e.p.; (3) B-Kt2 etc.
D: K at KB5, P at QR6. (1) PxB, any; (2) PxKt (Kt) mate.
E: (1) P-QKt8 (B) ch, K-Kt3; (2) BxP ch, KxKt; (3) Q-R6 ch, K-Q2; (4) P-B8(B) ch, K-K1; (5) QxP ch, K-B2; (6) P-K8(B) ch, K-B3; (7) K-R8, P-Kt5; (8) Q-KB1 ch, K-Kt4, (9) P-Kt8(B), K-R3; (10) Q-B6 ch, BxQ mate.
F: (1) R-K2, Q-Kt1 (forced), (2) Kt-Kt7!! (Kt-B6??), (3) R-Kt2 ch etc., or (2) . . . QxKt; (3) R-K8 ch etc.
G: (1) P-R8 (Q), P-R8(Q); (2) Q-Kt8! (Q-K8?), Q-R7!; (3) Q-K8, Q-R5!; (4) Q-K3 ch, K-R1; (5) Q-R8 etc.

Quite a few correct entries. Prizes: W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, J. P. Ford, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 351

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 351, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 28 April.

ACROSS

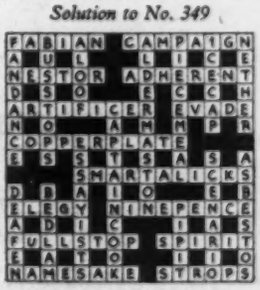
1. Travel is most of the cure put before these forbidding times (10).
6. Mark means nothing is missing from the award (4).
10. Scared of cut in wages (7).
11. Jumping because there is something sharp stuck in the limb (7).
12. The service comrade in camouflage would give him tapes (8).
14. Mock one who bunks (5).
16. Be prepared to make a speech and get something off one's chest (11).
18. 'Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the ——' (*J. Cæsar*) (3).
19. If the pet went round this tree it would discover something to be hung (3).
21. A god becomes too old-fashioned for a king (11).
23. Involving punishment for a page with a publisher's backing (5).
24. Lofty has us in to use the phone (8).
27. Watches for roots (7).
28. Kind of victory which makes a low fellow despicable (7).
29. Tennis player taken in about nothing (4).
30. Portends as without silent speed (10).

DOWN

1. Signs of rank are a good thing to finish a letter with (4).
2. Short ball but not so short dance (4, 3).
3. Go through it again for a penniless policeman (5).
4. The cricketer has permission (3).
5. Train for what must be a very costly weapon (6, 5).
7. The monster caught the man on time (7).
8. Regal dress made up without thought of cost (10).
9. Place for the cap on the pitch (8).
13. Abandoned a job with an advertisement about knotted ties (11).
15. Level of excitement with the foot always on the ground (5, 5).
17. The Gautier flower (8).
20. Holiday place for a young person with half the cash (7).
22. Beat a fellow with a line on a curve (7).
25. Further recommendation for a horseman (5).
26. Responsibility for extra payment without extra (4).
28. Scot up river (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 349


FABIAN CAMPAIGN
A U L L I C E
NESTOR ADHERENT
D S O E C C H
ARTIFICER EVADE
N O A M M P R
COPPERPLATE
E S S T S A S A
SMARTALICKS
D B A I O E B
ELEGY NINEPENCE
A D I C I A S
FULLSTOP SPIRIT
E A T O I I O
NAMESAKE STROPS

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 349

Wm Hodgson (West Hartlepool)
Miss L. M. Pain (Southampton)
J. Ian Robertson (Gravesend)

PERSONAL

ARTHUR Aust sought by Dad's widow. Last heard of Feb., 1955. Box 7729.

BUS. lady offers services sitting-in 2-3 evgs week, West Lon. pref. Box 7630.

YOUNG lady (21), speaking French, Italian, Spanish, seeks interesting job, May to August. Box 7720.

CEYLON student, 19, arriving London September. Father top-ranking official, Ceylon Government, cultured home, desires contact English family willing extend hospitality son paying guest. Box 7508.

GRADUATE, 33, Jewish (f.), seeks similar, view to holiday August. Box 7644.

MATHEMATICIAN (30), non-orthodox Jew, seeks accommodation with prof. family SW London or Surrey. Box 7686.

OPPORTUNITY for English children to spend holiday with group of French children in woodland property, Chilterns. Apply Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, London, NW3. SWI. 3391.

JOURNALIST, public worker, preparing for publication collection of essays, broadcasts, seeks person able correct, repolish and retype MSS ready for publication. Terms: BM/TLLB, London, WC1.

JAPANESE correspondent seeks sgle room with meal with English family. S. Omori, 14 Adeline Place, WC1.

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CONTINENT. stud. p.g.'s req. gd. hol. acc. Seaside, country; also stud. exchanges wnd. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

WELL-bred Italian girl, age 23, fluent English, seeks visit family au pair, preferably London, July-September. Write Mariella Caputo, Via Lucilio 26, Rome.

MOD. lang. stud. (f) sks work enable travel to States this summer. Box 7570.

WOULD anyone, as poor after the Budget as before, like to pool ideas for making money in spare time? Lon. Box 7756.

GERMAN girl, 21, student of languages, desires 'au-pair' job (half-days) in/nr London, 6 months or longer, housework or children, could give lessons in French & German. Write: Ingrid Bode, Hiltrup/Westf., Hülsebrockstr. 21, Germany.

COSTA Brava. A few vacancies for villas and flats to let at Blanes for half-months from 16 July to 15 September. An excellent choice outside this period at reduced prices. Good service provided. Maids available. Details: Dr C. J. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sx.

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GLASGOW-Austria by car, 1-25 July. Bach. (48) sks comp. (m). Box 7580.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, Holland Street, W8, and now also a Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar SLO. 9595.

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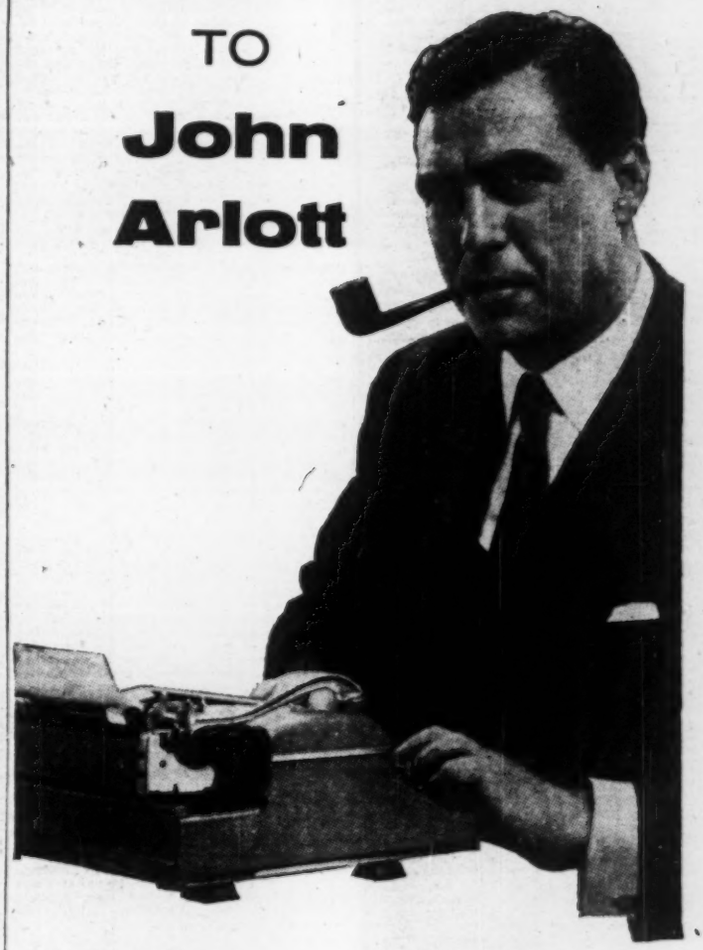
THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University, and applications are acceptable from students who expect to graduate this summer. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July 1959 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

OVER TO John Arlott



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GHANA Public Service Commission. Town Planning Officer – Ministry of Housing. An experienced Town Planner urgently required for research work on regional and town planning. Will take charge of an office concerned with the review of statutory planning areas in the first instance. Applicants, not less than 28 years of age, must be ARIBA and/or AMTPI, or hold equivalent qualification and must have had at least 5 years' experience in Town Planning. Salary in range £1,660-£2,080 p.a. Terms of Service: the appointment will be on contract/gratuity terms for two tours each of 18-24 months. Gratuity at rate of £12 10s for each completed month of service. Secondment or pensionable terms may be arranged. Free first-class passages for officer, wife and up to 3 children under 18 years and in addition an education allowance for children when not resident in Ghana of £100 a child for up to 3 children under 18 years. Accommodation at low rental. Interest-free advance for car and car maintenance allowance. Generous home leave on full pay. Income tax at low local rates. For further particulars and application form write, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Director of Recruitment, Ghana High Commissioner's Office, 13 Belgrave Square, London, SW1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Senior Fellow in Political Science. Applications are invited for appointment to a Senior Fellowship in the Department of Political Science and of International Relations. The Senior Fellow will be expected to engage in and to assist in supervising research in public administration. The salary range is from £A2,553 to £A3,063; increments are £A85 per annum. Appointment will be made at a salary and incremental limit within this range according to experience and qualifications. Appointment is for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The person appointed will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses in every six years. Superannuation on the FSSU pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Details regarding conditions of appointment and the Department's work and range of interests in the public administration field are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 May 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Lecturer in Public Administration. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should preferably have an Honours Degree in Government or Political Science, with research and/or Public Service experience. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 May 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania, Australia. Professor of Applied Economics with special reference to Accounting. The University of Tasmania has established a Chair of Applied Economics, with special reference to Accounting. Applications are invited for appointment to this Chair. Preference will be given to candidates who have training and experience in accounting and are interested in those fields of study in applied economics and business management in which an understanding of accounting is necessary or desirable. The salary will be £A3,500 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 June 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the appointment of Resident Tutor in Kesteven, Lincolnshire. Candidates should have a good Honours Degree in a subject within the normal range of Extra-Mural Studies. Preference will be given to those offering Local History, Economic History, Sociology or Philosophy. Salary scale in the Assistant Lecturer grade £700×£50 to £850, according to qualifications and experience, with membership of the Universities Superannuation Scheme and children's allowances. Conditions of appointment and form of appln, which should be retnd as soon as possible, from Registrar, The University, Nottingham.

THE University of Southampton. Research Assistant required by the Department of Economics for a research project into British investment in the United States and Canada. Salary £650/£700. Duties to commence 1 October, 1959. Applications (5 copies) together with names of three referees should be sent to the Secretary and Registrar, University of Southampton, by 2 May, 1959, from whom further particulars obtainable.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Social Science. Candidates should have qualifications in social studies and experience in social work or administration. Salary on the scale £900-£1,650 per annum, according to age, qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and children's allowance scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applics (six copies) must be sent by 25 April, 1959.

ANTHROPOLOGIST for US University. Must be interested in theoretical problems and have knowledge of Far or Near East. Terms of appointment variable with candidate's experience. Send brief outline of experience and possible references to: Professor Alvin W. Gouldner, 1204 W. Oregon Street, Urbana, Illinois, USA.

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LCC requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in first instance in Fulham. Energy and ability to manage staff essential. Previous experience in running domestic help or similar social service desirable. £560×£35 – £700. Pensionable. Promotion prospects. Apply Divisional Medical Officer, 133 Fulham Palace Road, W6, by 30 April. (746)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Topical Talks Assistant in African, Caribbean and Colonial Services. Duties include writing of short news talks for translation into Swahili, Somali and Hausa and writing and broadcasting of news talks for programmes in English transmitted to East and West Africa and the Caribbean. Candidates must also be able to locate and brief outside experts to supply scripts at short notice, keep fully informed on developments in Africa and the West Indies, and maintain close liaison with UK and Commonwealth Government Information Departments, Press Attachés, and journalists who specialise in political affairs, and appropriate departments of the BBC. Essential qualifications are considerable journalistic experience, good general knowledge of international affairs and home politics and ability to think and to work quickly. In addition, candidates should have spent some time in either East or West Africa or have made a special study of either area. Previous broadcasting experience not essential but would be an advantage. Selected candidates will be required to submit a script of a 5-minute talk on one of a number of given topics and to deliver it at the microphone as part of a voice test. Salary £1,255 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1074, N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires for its Asian Services: (a) Assistant, Burmese/Vietnamese Section. Duties (under supervision of Burmese/Vietnamese Programme Organiser) involve compilation of news bulletins, selection and editing of talks and arrangement of feature material for the Burmese and Vietnamese programmes, and production work in the studio. Knowledge of radio production technique would be useful. Knowledge of languages involved unnecessary, though some acquaintance with them desirable. Other valuable qualifications: news experience, working knowledge of the operation of studio and recording equipment and particular interest in Far Eastern affairs. (b) Assistant, Topical Talks Unit. Duties include writing and editing day-to-day topical talks and talks of a general nature for translation and broadcasting in Asian Services programmes. Essential qualifications: good general knowledge of international affairs and home politics, proved ability to write well and to think and work quickly. Special knowledge of South Asia and Middle and Far East, residence or travel in the area and previous experience of writing on affairs in this field would be a considerable advantage. Salary both posts £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1077, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days. Candidates (British Subjects) should indicate post applied for.

BBC requires Productions Supervisor in the Department of the Business Manager, Television Programmes, to be responsible to the Business Manager and to Director of Television Broadcasting for artistic direction and supervision of film activity undertaken for the BBC and its partners for sale in world television market. He will be responsible for co-ordination of the production work with the Corporation's partners, ensuring that the highest possible standards are observed in the writing and making of the films, and recommending for engagement artists, producers, directors, and writers. Will also be expected to stimulate ideas for future film projects and be capable of undertaking script adaptation; writing of original material for films, for which special terms would be considered, may also be required. Previous practical experience in a responsible position in film production and evidence of a successful creative background in this field essential. In addition, some knowledge and experience of production of live television programmes an advantage. Successful candidate will be required to undertake occasional duty visits abroad. Appointment will be on a short-term contract for three years in the first instance at a salary of £3,000 p.a., with an option on the Corporation's part for an extension of the contract for a further period if desired. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1076 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

AMBULANCE Control Clerks required by London Ambulance Service for holiday relief duties. Basic pay, 40-hour week aged 21 and over 138s. 6d. to 169s. according to qualifications and experience. Additional pay for night duty, Sunday duty, overtime, etc. Further information apply with s.a.e. to Officer-in-Charge, London Ambulance Service, 150 Waterloo Road, SE1. (673)

NATIONAL Savings Committee: District Commissioners. Six or more pensionable posts for men or women at least 21 on 1.3.59, preferably with university education, organising ability, knowledge of economics, and experience of public speaking and with voluntary workers. Final year students may apply. Men's starting salary (London) from £528 to £680. Maximum £1,330. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 154/59. Closing date 30 April 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires for School Broadcasting Department (Sound): (a) Producer/Programme Assistant (women only), to work mainly on broadcasts for very young children, including 'Listen with Mother'. Professional interest in educational needs of young children (but not necessarily teaching experience) and practical insight into problems of writing for children are looked for. Musical ability also desirable. (b) Scriptwriter/Producer (men or women) to work under the Senior Producer. Candidates will be expected to show evidence of literary ability and of imaginative interest in the educational possibilities of radio. Good degree and/or teaching experience desirable, and experience of dramatic productions also useful. Salary both posts £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional, rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1080, N.Stm. (a) or (b), should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within ten days.

HERTFORDSHIRE Child Guidance Service. Psychiatric Social Workers (2) full-time required, 1 experienced for Hill End Clinic. Car driver essential. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications to Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End, St Albans, Herts.

ST JOHN'S and Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr. Aylesbury, Bucks. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a Mental Hospital with 800 beds and an extensive out-patient service. Candidates must hold a certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applics, with 2 names for ref., should be sent to the Physician Supt, St John's Hospital, forthwith.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Officer – Senior Administrative Grade – who will be responsible to the Group Secretary for the non-medical administration of five Psychiatric Out-Patient Units: British Hospital for Functional Nervous Disorders, NW1, Child Guidance Training Centre, NW1, Portman Clinic, W1, St Marylebone Hospital for Psychiatry and Child Guidance, NW1, Tavistock Clinic, W1. Appilcants should be qualified and experienced in hospital administration and possess knowledge of psychiatric work. Details of age, education, qualifications, experience and the names and addresses of 2 referees to the Sec., Paddington Group HMC, Harrow Road, W9, by 25 April 1959.

NATIONAL Association of Boys' Clubs. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor/Training Officer, to be based on Liverpool, to take charge of one-year full-time Leadership Course. Ability as lecturer and experience of boys' club work required. Social Science diploma or equivalent desirable. Further details and form of application from: Gen. Sec., NABC, 17 Bedford Sq., London WC1.

NORMAN House, pioneer venture for help to homeless offenders, requires man as resident Warden for London Hostel, over 30, single or married. Challenging and arduous task in a small but expanding voluntary organisation. Salary by arrangement. Applications with full details and copies of three testimonials, to Box 7338.

THE Managers of an Approved School near London for 36 adolescent girls are considering the appointment of a married woman to the vacant post of Headmistress. Psychiatric treatment is given in the School and the Headmistress and staff should be prepared to co-operate with a full psychiatric team. A small unfurnished family house (on a service tenancy) suitable for a married couple will be available. The Managers would not ask that the husband should play any direct part in the affairs of the School, but they are anxious that the family life of the Headmistress should not be entirely divorced from the School. An appointment would probably not be made before the end of the year, but the Managers would like to interview in the near future couples who might be interested in this experience. The applicant should be a qualified teacher or possess other qualifications and knowledge of modern trends in Approved Schools or in allied fields of work. Experience, preferably residential, in dealing with the problems of delinquent youth would be an advantage. Salary scale £997 10s.×£20 to £1,312 10s., plus equal pay adjustment, plus graduate and training allowances under Burnham. Point of entry according to service or experience. The post is pensionable under the Teachers Superannuation Acts. Letters of enquiry to the Correspondent, Duncroft School, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of full-time Welfare Officer (female). For particulars apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

PSYCHIATRIC Research Unit requires Shorthand Typist. Good speeds essential. Interesting work in West End office. Salary £450-£500 according to experience and qualifications. No Saturdays. Apply giving names of two referees to Box 7734

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. University Registry. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Registry. Appointment to date from 1 August 1959. Salary within the range £700-£1,100 p.a. Candidates must possess a good honours degree, and administrative experience is desirable but not essential. Applications (two copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent by 1 May 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College, Secondary Technical Boys' School (of 280 pupils; age range 11+ to 16+) required soon as possible qualified Master for general subjects. Burnham P. & S. salary scale within the range £536 11s× £26 5s. to £1,205 8s. Point of entry and maximum according to age, qualifications and experience. Application forms from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 1 May 1959. (678)

RESEARCH Officer required to assist study group on project on 'Public Relations of Public Authorities'. Duration 2 years. Research experience important; interest in public affairs desirable. Salary in range of £750-£900 according to qualifications. Royal Institute of Public Administration, 76A New Cavendish Street, London, W1.

INTERVIEWERS, part-time and full-time, required from June 1959 for 6 months or longer for a survey of the economic problems of old age. The work involves obtaining information from all classes of older people about their income and other resources. Applicants should preferably have a social science degree or diploma. They must live within easy reach of either Salisbury, Leicester, Hexham R.D., Glasgow, Wimbledon or East Ham, or be free to travel. Further particulars from the Secretary, Department of Applied Economics, 7 West Road, Cambridge. Closing date for applications 25 April.

PRIVATE American organisation on the Continent requires expert in public opinion and audience research. Applicant should have general background in sociology or social psychology; adequate knowledge of general statistics, sampling methods, research design and processing of questionnaires; some talent in creative writing. Salary $4,200 to $4,500 range, plus housing, transportation, medical insurance and other benefits. Reply in confidence to Box 7767.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Sub. Excellent remun. and accom. Box 7706.

HAMPSTEAD Chartered Accountant needs part-time experienced book-keeper, some typing. Salary & hours by arr. TER. 6050.

NEWSPAPER editor's secretary needs assistant. Brilliant shorthand-typing not nearly so essential as common sense and unflappability. 4½ day week. Salary (TU) almost £550. Box 7816.

EDITORIAL Assistant (part-time) required for perfumery trade and technical journal. Preferably young man of BSc. standard, some laboratory experience and writing ability. Prospect of editorship at later date. Full details to Box 7668.

SHORTHAND typist required at Ganymed Press. Apply in writing to 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

PERSONAL Assistant/Sec. 23/30 for Art Director in Advertising Agy. Salary £500. Portman Bureau 78 George St W1. HUN 0676

INTELLIGENT secretary with good education required for interesting work with international Jewish organisation. Journalistic experience and working knowledge second language an advantage. Good salary, conditions, holiday arrangements respected. Please write full details Box 7703.

ASST sec. with init., speedy typ., knowl. office routine, wntd immed. for intg work. French/other lang. adv. Box 7829.

HOUSEKEEPER, over 40, resident, wanted 1 May by man with son aged 10. Could accom. child for school holidays. Daily help available. London NW. Write Box 7660.

PHYSICS Grad. woman tutor reqd end Apr. for pt-time work Lon. W1. Box 7461.

CLERICAL worker about 30 hours per week, some typing. Apply in writing, Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W8.

PART-time box office clerk/typist required from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Salary £4 a week. Apply Irving Theatre, Leicester Square.

WANTED, part-time commission agent to help promote sale of interesting book for children. London. Box 7649.

TEMPORARY jobs. Competent Sh./hand & Copy/typists wanted, weeks, months. Telephone Miss Topham of Duttons Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

EDUCATED s/t, required on own Temporary Staff. Call Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LINGUIST (lady), bi-lingual German, fluent French, Russian, Italian, exp. précis-writer, translator and interpreter, seks interesting pos. or free-lance work. Box 7689.

COMPETENT sec. 31, seks sec./caretaker post, inner-Lond. with unfurn. accom. for child & civil servant husband. Box 7671.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS
—continued from p. 560

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 19 Apr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. 'Music in a Scientific Age'. *Write for free 'Record'.* Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 22 April, 6.30 sharp: 'From Kierkegaard to Zen'. M. O'C. Walshe. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in the West. If you want to come to our Summer School (Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sep., £9 incl.), book NOW or you may be disappointed – applications are rolling in! Information TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun, 19 April, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., 'Brave New World' Revisited: H. J. Blackham.

LONDON Natural Health Society – Chas. Perry talks on Cosmetics and Health at Caxton Hall, Mon. 20 April 7.30, 2s. 6d. (members 1s.). Dets: 70b Coniston Rd, N10.

FILM & TV, including live broadcasts: 'The Visual Persuaders', National Film Theatre, 3 May-10 May. Full programme from John Morley, Joint Council for Education Through Art, 1 Cambalt Road, SW15.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'Shakespeare and the New Criticism'; (ii) 'Shakespeare and the New Psychology' will be delivered by Professor P. Alexander (Glasgow) at 5.30 p.m. on 27 and 28 April at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Adm. free, without tkt. – James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1959/60 begins Monday, 5 October 1959. Applications are invited from (i) part-time students wishing to follow evening courses for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science; (ii) full-time and part-time students wishing to read for Higher Degrees by thesis or to follow courses leading to MA and MSc. Mathematics, MSc, Crystallography, and the Academic Postgraduate Diplomas in Psychology and Numerical Analysis. Applications for admission should be made before 1 June. Pamphlet and form of applic. may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St, WC1

RUSSIAN Conversation: Tuesday evenings 7-8.30 at SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W8. Moderate fee. Enrol now. Also intensive course on translation of scientific texts, Mondays 7-9. Details from Sec., SCR, WES. 1571.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

THE Re-education Centre (Formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd), 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Lois Caink and Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement and relaxation of muscular and nervous tension.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd., London, W.11.

RUSSIAN, French, German, Spanish, Italian. Expert Tuition by native teachers, private lessons, small classes, conversation groups. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

MABEL Eyles. Private lessons Shorthand, Typing, English, French, Latin. 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

WHERE TO STAY

It's Heaven in Devon in the spring – and there are rooms with private baths and balconies, plus Mediterranean atmosphere and cuisine at the

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'BRITAIN'S Best Climate' plus warmth & comfort of Normanhurst for your early holiday. Premier position facing full south, nr pier, sun-lounge, TV, Slumberlands, 2 lounges. From 7 gns. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St Leonards, Sussex.

APRIL vacancies from 25th. Only double and twin-bedded rooms. Normanhurst as above.

BRITAIN'S Little Tyrol, Surrey. Highcroft Hotel, Hindhead. Highly recommended. Club licence. (Tel. 49.)

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal, 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

IF you can't afford the Continent but like the food, sun, sea & country there is an old stone cottage at Salcombe taking a few guests. Bfkt & dinner. 7 gns. p.w. Box 6397.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns., putting green, garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns, July 10-12 gns.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

SUSSEX. Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Tel. 148. Comfortable accommodation, good food. Reasonable terms. Children welcome. Riding. Fishing.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

MULLION, Cornwall. Mounts Bay Hotel offers every comf. H. & c. all rms. Exc. cuisine. Children welc. Broch. with pleasure.

'TREES', Woody Bay, N. Devon. In beautiful woodlands 5 mins walk sea. Excellent food, ev. comf. Ill. brochure sent gladly.

SUSSEX, 12 mls Eastbourne. Acres wooded grounds. Own produce. Everything home made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns. Whinrig Guest House, Horam 211.

LA Chaire Hotel. Jersey, Channel Islands, 1st Register, fully licensed, standing in 10 acres, at lovely, unspoilt Rozel Bay. Easy reach of town. Golf, bathing, fishing, boating, etc. Enjoy an early holiday. Write brochure.

ROMAN Holiday. Accommodation in private apartment near Colosseum. Room and breakfast 23s. Countess Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

POSITANO: villa has vacs. July to Oct. Full pension. Mod. rates. Box 7177.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

BELGIUM. Wenduine-on-Sea. Hotel Normandy, nr sandy beach. Full board 21s. inc. Bncsl. food. Tram to Ostend/Blankenberge

AUBERGE du Vieux Moulin, Mérigny, Indre, France. (Mrs McBride.) Peace, sunshine, good cooking. Lovely surroundings. 12,000 fr. per week incl.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

PORTHLEVEN. Tye Rock Hotel, adjoining beach; views Land's End-Lizard; quiet comfort. 'Home' cooking. AA & RAC recom. S.a.e. for brochure.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod., furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

HOVE. High-class Food Reform Hotel. Waveney, 42 Brunswick Pl. Tel. 38474.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden; a charming 17th-century house in the lovely Chiltern Hills; London 1 hour; comfort, excellent food, h. & c., central htg throughout. RAC and AA approval. Tel. 2516.

CHARMING cottage on Cumberland Fells. Peace, mod. comf., good food. Box 7593.

PONY Trekking in the beautiful hills of the Scottish Borders. A superb holiday. Brochure with pleasure (s.a.e. please) from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar, Scotland.

ARTIST'S 18th Cent. house in cul-de-sac rising off front overlkg Old Town, harbour, fishing boats. Magnif. cliff walks. B. & b. 5 gns., lunch &/or dinner opt. Also avail. Tuition painting, drawing, modelling, pottery. ARCA instructors. Beginners, students welcome. East Hill House Hotel, Tackleway, Hastings. S.a.e. Broch. Tel. 5124.

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Wonderful scenery, good food. Tel. 508. Write Anne Coupe.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ACTUALLY, the Welfare State has accentuated the fight for the genteel (though not now so paying) careers. Many reflections are prompted by Chaffe & Edmonds: 'Careers Encyclopedia', setting out data on exams, training and prospects. A 650 pp authority for only 15s. (16s. 9d. posted). Booksellers, or Cleaver-Hume Press Ltd 31 Wright's Lane W8

ODYSSEY, a magazine of poetry; Chicago. Current no. price 2s. 3d. from 21 Lyndhurst Ave, Newcastle on Tyne.

CANDIDATES contesting municipal elections need The Rating Reformer, sure-fire, vote-winning leaflet. Independent, non-party, facsimile newspaper format 8½" by 11". Space left for rubber stamping candidate's name, etc. Useless and dangerous for opponents of Land-Value Rating. Invaluable for others. Minimum 1,000 for £1. Discount on larger orders. Specimens free. Now ready from Land & Liberty, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, SW1.

CONTENTS of April 'Plebs': 'George Lansbury – A Voice that made History', by Raymond Postgate; 'Is Canvassing Really Necessary?', by E. Robb and John Taylor, MP; 'Labour and Tory Pension Schemes', by W. A. Fraser; 'A Page of Scottish Labour History', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Down with Equality – Up with Meritocracy', by Dr W. McLaine; 'Financing the Soviet 5-Year Plan', by Paul W. Robinson; 'Industrial Relations', by A. J. Corfield; 'Art's Part in History', by Frank Horrabin; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Reviews'; 'News of the Movement'; Plebs is 6d., by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

'MACMILLAN'S Visit,' Quaestor; 'Nyasaland Massacre' H. Rathbone; 'Communism and the Left', R. P. Dutt; 'What Soviet People Read', J. Waten; 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly, 'Labour Monthly.' Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'LOSS of the Magyar', by Patricia Beer, is the Poetry Book Society Spring Choice. Details of Membership (subscription 2 gns.) from Secretary, 4 St James's Square, SW1.

CENTRAL Books announce the transfer of their shop, owing to LCC clearance, from 2 Parton St (closed 11 April) to 37 Gray's Inn Rd (near Holborn Hall), open from Monday 13 April for your current progressive literature, the Marxist classics, and books for study, do-it-yourself, and just pleasure.

AMERICAN Magazines. Sixpence stamps brings you 20-pp. descriptive list of over 250 American magazines available on subscription. Frederic-Graham Company (N), 238, Clifton Drive South, St Annes, Lancs.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is 'The Good Food Guide 1959/60', edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointments. Invest in the new edition, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers.

ENCYCL. Brit. 1947 & 8 sup. vols. New. London area. Offers: Box 7634.

MOUNTAINEERING, New List ready. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sx. (Tel. 2951)

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SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism: we buy books, pamphlets, journals; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

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By air express to W. Africa 90s.; *E. Africa* 95s.; *S. Africa, India* 98s.; *Singapore & Malaya* 105s.; *Australia* 130s.;
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23 April at 7.30	Turandot

THE ROYAL BALLET

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25 April at 2.15	Le Lac des Cygnes
25 April at 7.30	Coppélia, La Valse

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TAMARA TOUMANOVA
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A section of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

OPERA Circle. Sun. 26 April, 8 p.m., 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Illustrations from Eight Handel Operas. Lecturer: John Tobin. Artists: Pauline Brockless, David Galliver & Hervey Alan. Detls: Hon. Sec., Mrs. Rosenfeld, 69 Kensington Ct, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fr. 8, St., Sn. 5 & 8. Mary Ellis in 'Dark Halo'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sn. 4. 10th Ed. 13th week. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Margaret Johnston in 'Sugar in the Morning', by Donald Howarth.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Tdy. 5, 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T' Be.'

TOWER. 7.30. 17, 18 (mems. 19), 23, 24, 25 Apr.: 'Peer Gynt'.—CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N.1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'God Bless the Guv'nor' by Ted Willis. Mems.

CONCERTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
President: Yehudi Menuhin

I. VIETNAMESE MUSIC by TRAN VAN KHE
21 April, 7.30 p.m.—School of Oriental Studies.
23 April, 8 p.m., at 1 Hans Crescent, SW1.

II. DANCES OF INDIA by RAM GOPAL
Sun., 3 May, Wed., 6 May and Sat., 9 May, 8 p.m., at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, W1.

III. India's foremost SAROD Player: Ustad ALI AKBAR KHAN
London Recitals
11, 16, 20 & 27 June
Tkts now avail. from AMC only:—Members: 3s., 5s. 6d., 8s. and 12s. 6d.; Guests: 4s., 7s., 10s. and 15s. Information re membership (20s. p.a., Students 7s. 6d.); fortnightly (Tuesdays) lecture recitals on Asian Music and Dance, at School of Orient. Afr. Stds., Senate House, WC1; classes; etc., from Dir., AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, N3 (Tel. FIN. 2934)

FIRST Recital in England of the eminent Polish Pianist, Wladyslaw Kedra, Royal Festival Hall, Sun. 19 April, at 3 p.m., Chopin: 12 Etudes, Op. 10, 12 Etudes, Op. 25; Liszt: Sonata in B minor, Sonetto di Petrarca (No. 3), La Campanella (after Paganini). Tickets: 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s., 5s., 3s. 6d., Box Office (WAT. 3191)/usual Agts.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Handel, Haydn, Vivaldi, Sammartini, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat. 25 April, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

VICTORIA Kingsley, lute, guitar and drum. Folk songs from England, the Hebrides, Argentina, Brazil. Composed songs by Dowland and Mozart. Wigmore Hall, Friday 1 May, at 7.30. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Agents. Tilly Connely Ltd, 22 Trebovir Road, SW5.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until 19 April: Duvivier's 'Poil de Carotte' (X). From 20 April: Clouzot's 'Le Mystere Picasso' (U) Astruc's 'Le Rideau Cramoisi' (X).

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c 19 Apl. Jules Dassin's 'Riffi', Fr-Eng. titles, (X) Glenn Ford, 'The Fastest Gun Alive', (A).

LEWISHAM FS. RAV. 2461. 7.45, 23 April. Catford Town Hall. 'Space' prog. inc. 'Gateway to Stars' (USSR). Guests 3s.

LIDO Cinema, EALing 0934. Monday 20 April for 6 days. Galina Ulanova. Prokofiev's Ballet of Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' in glorious colour. Dly 2.45, 5.45, 8.50.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

FORUM 4, 'The Visual Persuaders', National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo, SE1, 3-10 May: The most exciting forthcoming event! With film and live TV broadcasts. Book now, or full prog. (s.a.e., lge) from John Morley, Joint Council For Education Through Art, 1 Cambalt Rd, SW15. Spkrs incl. Raymond Williams, Lindsay Anderson, Malcolm Muggeridge, Tom Driberg, Doris Lessing, Ritchie Calder, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Karel Reisz, John Berger, &c.

SPRING—Dance, Music, Songs, Customs. Speakers, The Opoczno Polish Dancers and the Bulgarian Dancers. Cecil Sharp House (near Camden Town Station), 7 p.m. Tuesday, 21 April. Admission 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Saturday, 18 April 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. & their guests 5s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartet. Wed., 22 April, 8.30-11 p.m. Mems 3s. & their guests 5s.

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat. 18 April, 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

TREASURES OF CAMBRIDGE
Unique collection of paintings, silver, MSS, sculpture, etc.
GOLDSMITH'S HALL
Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2.
Daily 10.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. (Not Sundays).
Admission 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Man Ray: Retrospective. Including Paintings, Photographs, Objects, Drawings. Until 25 April. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Mems free.

ANTIQUARIAN Book Fair, 22 April-2 May. National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W1. ABA members display rare books, mss., all prices. Mon.-Fri. 11-6.30. Thursdays 11-8. Sat. 11-5. Admission free.

1959 Editions Lithographs by the Senefelder Group at the Crafts Centre, 16/17 Hay Hill, London, W1, until 16 May. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 20 April-9 May. Dorothy Bordass, Michael Fussell, Violet Fuller. Paintings. 10-6 Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ODILON Redon: Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 9 May: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. (Admits also to Reynolds Stone.)

ZWEMMER'S, 76 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings by Fred Uhlman & Carel Weight, ARA, 7 April to 2 May.

FRANCIS Gruber: An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 3 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Alexander Mackenzie: recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Graven Image: An exhibition of recent prints and drawings by British artists. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Christopher Wood. The First Retrospective Exhibition since 1938. Hrs 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closing 8 May.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Signori—Sculpture. Anita De Caro—Collages. To 1 May 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ST George's Gallery, Ceri Richards—The Hammerklavier Theme: 6 new lithographs with associated collages. 1-25 April, 10-6, 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Paintings by Atlan' until 2 May, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. WHI. 8665.

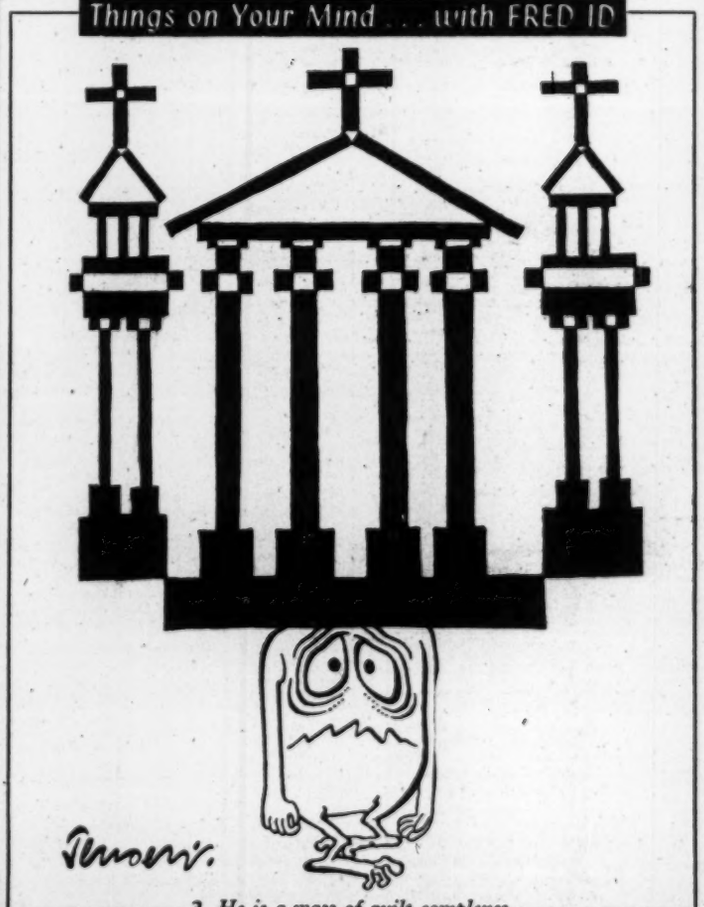
LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Paintings by Anthony Gross and Anne Dunn. Water-colours by John Marshall, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Don Cammell: First one man show.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Avigdor Arikha—Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 2 May. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Rodin: Bronzes and Drawings.

HEAL'S 1959 Designs Exhibition showing trends in furniture and furnishing. Catalogue available, Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W1. MUSeum 1666.



3. *He is a mass of guilt complexes.*

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REYNOLDS Stone: Engravings and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 9 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. (Amits also to Odilon Redon.)

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Transformable Painting. Painting in Movement by Agam. 21 April-5 May. Daily 10-6; except Sunday.

PARKWAY Gallery, 58 Parkway, NW1. Paintings by Fritz Kramer and Harry Gordon. From 20 April.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club
'THE BRITISH LEFT AND THE MIDDLE EAST', JON KIMCHE. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 20 April, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

ULR Study Group: History of Socialism. Sun., 19 April, 7.30. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W.1. 'The Roots of Fascism': Norman MacKenzie.

'MODERN War—A Challenge to Christians.' Public Meeting 25 May at 7.30 p.m. at Royal Albert Hall. Speakers include Canon Collins (Chairman), Victor Gollancz, Dr Gruber, Prof. Hromadka, Dame K. Lonsdale, Revd Mervyn Stockwood: Jill Balcon and John Neville. Tickets 2s. 6d. res, 1s. unres. from the Hall or Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct, EC4 (CITy 6869): Friends Peace Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1 (EUSton 3601).

NEW Manchester Left Club. All welcome. First meeting Wed. 22 April, 7.45. E. P. Thompson 'New Left in Britain'. Thatched House (next to Manchester Guardian). Adm. 1s. Members 6d.

'IS Peace Possible?' Questions on current topics answered by Vicky, James Cameron, Kathleen Lonsdale, Stuart Morris, Chairman: Sybil Morrison, on Tuesday, 5 May, 7.30 p.m. at the Caxton Hall, SW1. Org. by The Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, WC1. EUS. 5501. Written questions may be sent in advance to Sybil Morrison at above address.

HOWARD League. A. W. Peterson, MVO (Deputy Chairman, Prison Commission): 'Modern Developments in the Prison System'. Chair.: Rt Hon. P. Gordon Walker, PC, MP. Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 22 April, 6.30 p.m.

SHAW Society: Dr W. E. Swinton on 'The Philosophy of Darwinism'; Chairman: Dr R. F. Rattray; at the National Book League, 1 Albemarle St, W1. 24 April, 7 sharp. Non-mems, 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. 22 April, 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 'Annual General Meeting'.

JOSHUA Nkomo speaks on Central Africa 21 April at 8 p.m. at West Branch Library, Lofting Rd, N1. Org. by Hornsey & Islington Inter-Racial Friendship Group.

SOCIETY of African Culture. Changing Role of the Negro in Films. Films—discussion led by Stuart Hall. French Institute, South Kensington, Sat. 18 April 3-11 p.m. 5s. Discussion 'Negro Art—The Expression of a People', with music, poetry & dance. Recital Room, Festival Hall, Tues. 21 April 3-11 p.m. 5s.

HALDANE Society Public meeting on 'Civil Rights in British Africa'—John Stonehouse MP. Tues. 21 Apr. 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4. Non-mems welc.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 17 Apr. 8 p.m. Hugh McLean (Harvard): 'Gogol' (150th anniversary). Chair—Dr Malnick. Fri. 24 Apr. 8 p.m. 'Russia, April 1959' by NUS students. Sun. 19 Apr. 4 p.m. at French Inst., Queensberry Place, SW7. Films: 'High Cost', 'Leningrad'. Seats 3s. 6d. (members 2s.).

AVRO Manhattan on the 'Vatican in World Politics' Mid-Century Discussion Group, Leighton House, Kensington, Thurs 23 April, 8 p.m. All welcome. Questions, discussion.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 25 April at 6 p.m. M. A. Lanoux: 'Panorama de l'humour moderne français'.

CHINESE Films. Peking Opera School, Chi Pai-shih (artist), Newsreels. Hampstead Town Hall, Tuesday 21 April, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Hampstead BCFA.

IWC London Branch. Fri. 24 Apr. 8.30 p.m. Free. Mr Kennedy Williamson, MA, FRSI. 'Water, Time and Nature in Macbeth'. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 19 April, 8 p.m. 'On After-Death States'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda Suns 5 p.m. Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs, 23 April, 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1. 'Comparative Religion II'.

ADLERIAN Society. 'From Minus to Plus —a World Perspective', James Hemming, BA, Thurs. 23 April, 7.30 p.m. punctually, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Non-members 2s.

LECTURES, etc.—contd. on page 559

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenæum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d. foreign 2½d. Canada 1d.